

The Teaching of English Series

THE  
APPROACH TO SHAKESPEARE

No. 9

# THE APPROACH TO SHAKESPEARE

With an Introduction by  
MRS. ANDREW LANG

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# CONTENTS

## INTRODUCTION

William Shakespeare	<i>Mrs. Andrew Lang</i>	. . . 7
Charles and Mary Lamb . . . .	<i>Mrs. Andrew Lang</i>	. . . 17
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM . . . .	<i>Charles and Mary Lamb</i>	. . . 24
A FAIRY SCENE IN A WOOD . . . .	<i>William Shakespeare.</i>	. . . 39
ANOTHER FAIRY SCENE.	<i>William Shakespeare.</i>	. . . 45
NICK BOTTOM'S ENTERTAINMENT . . . .	<i>William Shakespeare.</i>	. . . 47
KING JOHN		
Prince Arthur and Hubert . . . .	<i>William Shakespeare.</i>	. . . 57
The Death of Arthur	<i>William Shakespeare.</i>	. . . 62
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE . . . .	<i>Charles and Mary Lamb</i>	. . . 65
LAUNCELOT GOBBO		
MAKES A CHANGE OF MASTERS . . . .	<i>William Shakespeare.</i>	. . . 82
THE TRIAL SCENE . . . .	<i>William Shakespeare.</i>	. . . 87
JESSICA'S ELOPEMENT . . . .	<i>William Shakespeare.</i>	. . . 99
RICHARD THE SECOND . . . .	<i>Holinshed . . . .</i>	. . . 104
THE DEATH OF GAUNT . . . .	<i>William Shakespeare.</i>	. . . 107
THE DEATH OF RICHARD	<i>William Shakespeare.</i>	. . . 111
AS YOU LIKE IT. . . .	<i>Charles and Mary Lamb</i>	. . . 116
"UNDER THE GREEN-WOOD TREE" . . . .	<i>William Shakespeare.</i>	. . . 137



LOVERS' MEETING . . .	<i>William Shakespeare.</i>	148
JULIUS CÆSAR . . .	<i>Plutarch's Lives . . .</i>	155
THE DEATH OF CÆSAR .	<i>William Shakespeare.</i>	169
THE ORATIONS . . .	<i>William Shakespeare.</i>	175
TWELFTH NIGHT . .	<i>Charles and Mary Lamb.</i>	182
"SMILING AT GRIEF" .	<i>William Shakespeare.</i>	196
RICHARD THE THIRD .	<i>Holinshed . . . .</i>	201
THE COUNCIL SCENE .	<i>William Shakespeare.</i>	204
THE DEATH OF RICHARD	<i>William Shakespeare.</i>	208
THE TEMPEST . . .	<i>Charles and Mary Lamb.</i>	210
THE LOG BEARERS . .	<i>William Shakespeare.</i>	224
MACBETH . . . .	<i>Charles Lamb . . . .</i>	228
THE FOUL DEED. . .	<i>William Shakespeare.</i>	241
THE STORY OF MACBETH	<i>Sir Walter Scott . . .</i>	245

# THE APPROACH TO SHAKESPEARE

## INTRODUCTION

BY MRS. ANDREW LANG

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

ON April 23, 1564, a baby boy was lying in a wooden cradle in a pretty house with black beams across its white front, in the town of Stratford-on-Avon. Of course his father and mother thought him wonderful, but that was just because they *were* his father and mother, for to the neighbours who came in to look at him he seemed much the same as all other babies. Still, proud though they were of him, nobody would have been more surprised than Master and Mistress Shakespeare themselves if they had known that as long as the English language should last, the plays which little William was to write would be read and acted throughout the world.

By the time William was five years old he had some brothers to play with, and in that year a great event happened in Stratford. Master John Shakespeare, who was bailiff or head of the corporation, gave leave for two companies of actors, who were going round from one town to another, to set up their booths and perform some plays. One company was under the

protection of Queen Elizabeth, and the actors were called the "Queen's Servants"; the other company took its name from the Earl of Worcester. Very likely the actors may have come into Shakespeare's house to make arrangements for their plays; but, at any rate, we may be sure that little William must have heard much talk about the matter, and may even have been taken as a treat to see one of the performances.



Shakespeare's Birthplace.

It is strange to think how very, very few things we really know about the man of whom we are all so proud; we can only guess at most of his early life from remarks which he lets fall in some of the plays which you will read some day. Like other boys of his age, he must have gone to the grammar school, which was only a short way from his home—a long, low building with oak benches, which you may still see as Shakespeare saw it. Here he learned to read and write, and was taught Latin, like the little Eton boy, William Page, whom he tells about in his play of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. When he had got further than William Page's nouns and pronouns, he would read some of the writings of Virgil, Ovid, and Horace, and other Latin authors; and no doubt his

masters lent him books of translations when they saw that, unlike his schoolfellows, he cared to read them.

On his holidays and in his spare hours he wandered away through the fields and woods round Stratford, and noted the flowers as they bloomed, and the birds that flitted over them. Many a posy William picked for his mother, of "daffodils that come before the swallow dares," and tremble in the March winds, or



of "violets dim," mixed with oxlips and primroses. He loved them all, and now in the garden behind the house, where he used to play, they are all gathered, with every other kind of flower of which he has spoken; and the thrushes and the blackbirds fly to and fro above them, as they used to do over the "white sheet" of May blossom on the hedge when he was a boy.

But William was not always roaming about by himself, for he was very fond of company, and liked nothing better than standing among the booths and crowds on a market day, listening to the talk that went on, and now and then putting in a word himself. If there

was not much business being done, he might sometimes get a story of past days from an old man, whose father had perhaps fought in the Wars of the Roses, or had seen the two little princes taken to the Tower. He never lost a chance of using his eyes or his ears, and on his lonely rambles he would think of what he had seen or heard, and make up stories of his own ; and a few years later he wrote them down, and now we can read them in his wonderful plays.

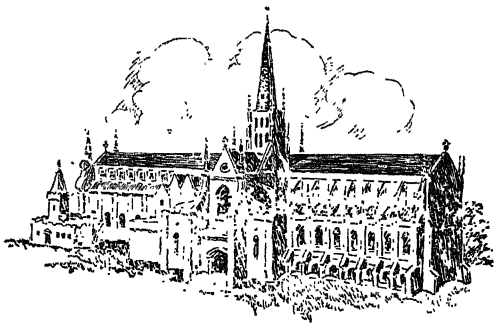
So time went on, and Master John Shakespeare began to spend more money than he ought, and got heavily into debt ; perhaps he may have been unlucky also. But however that may be, he was foolish enough to go to law, which only made matters worse. He seems to have traded in all sorts of things, such as corn, skins, wool, and leather, which he may have bought at a low price from the farms owned by his relations in the neighbourhood of Stratford. But prices fell, and he could no longer afford to pay men to help him, so William, who was now thirteen, was taken away from school to help to fill their place.

We do not know anything about the next years, but after leaving William a small boy of thirteen, it is rather surprising to find him at eighteen a married man, with a wife of twenty-six, whose maiden name was Anne Hathaway.

About three years later, Shakespeare hastily left Stratford after being concerned, it is said, in killing some of Sir Thomas Lucy's deer in Charlecote Park. He did not trouble himself much about his wife or her three children, although, no doubt, he sent them money from time to time.

Shakespeare was now twenty-one, and was without any trade or profession, as far as we know, by which he could earn his living. There is a story that he became for a while a master in a country school, but in the following year, 1586, we find him in London. He had no friends there except perhaps one Stratford

man, who was working as a printer, and most youths of his age would have felt lonely in the great town. But Shakespeare, we may be certain, was at home everywhere and welcome everywhere; though the place where we should naturally look for him would be in the neighbourhood of the only two playhouses existing in the city—The Theatre in Shoreditch, and The Curtain near by in the Moor Fields, where long,



Stratford Church.

long ago Richard the Second used to ride hunting and hawking with the "Little Queen," his child bride.

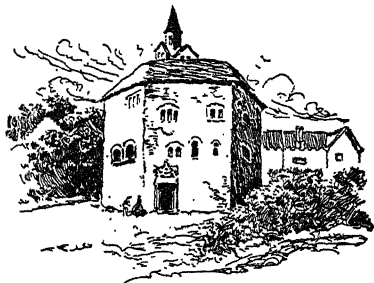
But although there were only two regular theatres in London, there were several other companies, each, as we have said, bearing the name of the particular nobleman who was its protector by law. About this period the choristers of St. Paul's and the Chapel Royal, as well as those from the school at Westminster, were also formed into companies, and for another eighty years all women's parts were filled by boys. This explains why Shakespeare was so fond of making his heroines disguise themselves as young men, and also why there are so few boys in his dramas. Among these boys are little William Page, who was

examined in his Latin grammar, and Prince Arthur, weighed down by the knowledge of the fate that was hanging over him, and thinking that if he "were out of prison and kept sheep, he would be merry as the day was long." There is the impudent page of Falstaff, and the son of the King of Sicily, Prince Mamilius, whose face sent his father's thoughts back three and twenty years, to the time when he was a boy himself.

We are quite ignorant as to the way in which Shakespeare got his first chance to show his skill as an actor: some player may have fallen ill or have been absent when the hour of performance came, and the young man, who for some time had been watching eagerly every movement on the stage, and was always ready to lend a hand to anybody, might have been asked to fill the vacant place. One thing we do know, that in 1587 the "Queen's Servants," and the "Earl of Leicester's Servants," whom Shakespeare may have seen at Kenilworth twelve years before, passed through Stratford, where they acted for two or three days. It was likely enough that in such a small place the talk should run on the youth who loved plays so much, and had gone to seek his fortune in London, and kind messages would be sent, to be delivered by the actors, who, his friends thought, would be sure to meet him one day or other, as no doubt they did.

Shakespeare acted in several theatres, but the one most associated with his name was the Globe in Southwark, built, as he himself says, in the shape of a wooden O. You must not imagine that in those days, or for long, long after, theatres were at all like what they are now. There was no scenery, and instead placards were hung out on which was written, "This is a wood," "This is the sea-shore," "This is the Field of Bosworth," and so on. Then the stage ran right out into the middle of the O, so that the audience could see and hear well; and there were also seats on

the stage itself, from which the spectators often used to interrupt the plays, and talk to those actors who were not actually speaking. All this is very difficult for us to imagine ; and still more strange would it have been to behold the players in the dresses of the time in which they were living—for example, to see Hamlet, who would really have worn chain armour and used a battle-axe, clad



— The Globe Theatre.

in the light velvet tunic and ruff of the court of Elizabeth, with a long rapier by his side.

It was not till he was twenty-seven that Shakespeare wrote his first play, *Love's Labour's Lost*, and he was forty-seven when he produced *The Tempest*. All this time he had been learning from books, from men, and from the things that went on around him. The trivial actions and careless words of the people he met gave him the key to their thoughts, and it was out of this sure knowledge that he built up the characters in his plays. As for his stories, he took them where he would—from history, from legend, from romances, from old masques, from his own fancy ; but whatever the source from which the tale came, he turned it out stamped with his own genius.

Although it was two of his poems, and not either of his plays, that first brought him to the notice of the book-lovers who haunted the court of Queen Elizabeth, his plays had already gained him fame among actors and authors, and excited bitter jealousy in some of the meanest of them. Marlowe (the greatest



of them all after Shakespeare), Lyly, Fletcher, and many more, were his close friends, and so were Richard Burbage and other actors ; but Ben Jonson now praised him, and now abused him, and Greene on his death-bed warned all dramatists against the " upstart crow who was in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country." These pin-pricks never touched Shakespeare, happy in his work and in his life, and ready to admire whatever he found good in the writings of others. He was a great favourite of the queen, and of her successor, James the First, and was frequently summoned to act before them at Whitehall, at Greenwich, or at Richmond. At their courts he may have met Spenser, and would certainly have come across the Earl of Southampton and the Earl of Pembroke, with the first of whom he soon became intimate ; and he probably had many a talk with Drake and Raleigh, to whose tales of foreign lands he would listen with the rapt attention that he had given to the old soldiers at Stratford in the days gone by.

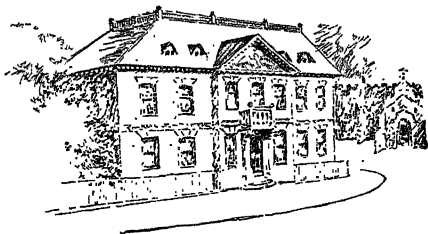
Meanwhile old John Shakespeare's affairs had been growing worse, though his law-suits did not diminish. His son William, on the contrary, was soon in a fair way to grow rich ; for actors were very well paid, and he had, besides, the money that his plays brought in, and some shares in the theatre. He began to buy properties in Stratford, and among them was the charming house of New Place, near his old school, where he spent his last years.

Though his relations in the country and his fellow-citizens in the town did not in the least understand what a wonderful man was living in their midst, they knew that William Shakespeare was thought much of at court, and was a friend of many distinguished people whose names filled them with awe. For the last fourteen years the visit he had always paid to his birthplace had been considered a public event, and every one was greatly pleased when he settled down

in New Place. His father was still alive, but his mother and his brother Edmund—an actor like himself—were dead, and Hamnet, his little boy, had been buried, at the age of eleven, a long while before in Stratford Church. His eldest daughter Susanna had married, and now had one child; but Judith, the younger, was still single, and most likely remained with her mother.

As to his wife, it is probable that she still occupied whatever house she had been living in, and that she and her husband were on friendly terms, but we know nothing for certain. She survived him seven years, and during her widowhood her daughter Susanna took care of her. But she does not seem to have counted for more in Shakespeare's life at the end than she did at the beginning, although on her own request she was buried in his grave in the church at Stratford.

The poet passed five contented years in New Place,



New Place.

amusing himself with his garden, with the affairs of the town, and with the talk of the people, many of whom, though they never guessed it, he had taken for models in his plays. Now and then, when he got a little tired of the dullness of Stratford, he went up to London to have a gossip with his old companions, or to see Burbage acting Hamlet. In 1613 James the First commanded seven of his plays to be given at

Whitehall, on the occasion of Princess Elizabeth's marriage to the Elector Palatine, and most likely Shakespeare was present at some of the performances. When the rejoicings were all over he rode home again, and he only visited London once more.

It was early in January 1616 that men began to notice that Master Shakespeare was not the man he had been, though he was always gay and cheerful, and attended his daughter Judith's wedding in the Parish Church in the following month. A few weeks later Drayton the poet and Ben Jonson came to see him, and a merry meeting they had ; but the excitement proved too much for the sick man, and from that day he grew gradually worse. He lingered on till the trees began to bud and the garden of New Place was sweet with primroses, and on April 23, 1616, he died, leaving behind him the greatest name in the literature of England. You can, if you will, go back to the old town to-day, and you will see the place as he saw it : the houses with the pointed roofs and black oak beams across their white fronts ; the garden behind his house, where now are gathered all the flowers and plants of which he wrote. These things and many more are left, though New Place has, alas, been pulled down.



## CHARLES AND MARY LAMB

IF Shakespeare led, as seems likely, one of the happiest of lives, that of Charles Lamb was undoubtedly one of the saddest. Shakespeare was strong, rich, and successful; Lamb was poor, weak in bodily health, and, worse than all, from his birth to his death had the shadow of mental sickness hanging over him. How, by sheer force of will and by setting aside all thoughts of himself, he triumphed over every difficulty, you will find out if you read this story; you will also find out why his life follows that of Shakespeare in this book.



Charles Lamb.

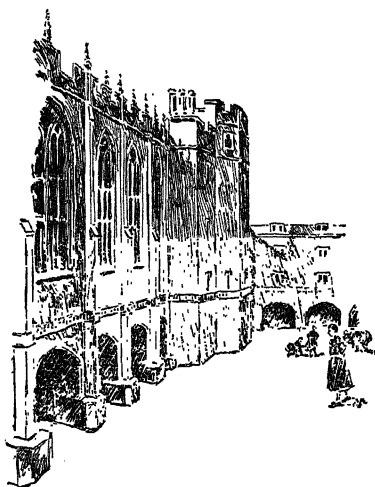
He was born in 1775 in Crown Office Row within the boundaries of the Temple, and close to his home the river Thames flowed by. All his life Charles loved the city, and knew every street and alley round about. His father was clerk to a barrister, who seems to have depended on John Lamb for everything; and John, according to his son's account, was one of those lucky people who could always turn his hand—or his head—to anything that was needed. Charles inherited his love of jokes and "rogueries," and also his love of plays; but for bowls, quadrille, and other games dear to his father, he cared nothing. He was fond, however, of playing whist.

The Lambs had seven children, but four died when they were very small, and only John, Mary, and Charles lived to grow up. From the first, Charles, ten years younger than his sister Mary, was small and delicate; he walked with a slight limp, and had a decided

stammer. Like many other children, he had a terror of being left alone in the dark, and he tells us that from the time he was four till he was seven or eight, he never laid his head on the pillow without expecting to see something frightful. But, of course, he kept this to himself, and no one guessed what he suffered.

In spite of his poverty, Lamb the elder had managed to collect a number of books, over which Mary and little Charles spent every moment of their spare time. When he was six Charles was sent to a day school near by, and Mary attended some classes in the evening; but the teaching was very bad, and the

father was thankful indeed when he was offered a nomination for his little boy at Christ Hospital. So at seven and a half Charles put on the long blue gown and the leather belt worn by the scholars, and ran hatless through the streets, as Bluecoat boys had done ever since the foundation of the school by Edward the Sixth.



Christ's Hospital Chapel.

During the seven years Charles remained

in the school he made many friends, whom he kept through life. Among these was Coleridge, whose school days appear to have been rather dreary—unlike those of the more fortunate Lamb, who had a home which he

was allowed to visit, and cakes brought to him by his mother and sister, which he ate hurriedly and happily "in a by-nook of the cloisters." Coleridge tried to forget the bitter cold and the bad food provided for them by gazing at the old prints in the shop windows whenever he had a half-holiday. But when lessons began again, the boys forgot the world outside as they read, with a master who could interest them, Homer and Virgil, Shakespeare and Milton.

When he was fifteen, Charles, to his great regret, left school, and his father began to look out for a post in some public office for him. It was not very easy—there were so many boys that wanted posts too—but at length Lamb obtained what he wished for at the South Sea House. Charles was careful and hard-working, and soon better things were open to him, for he was given a clerkship in the East India Company's Office, where his duty was to keep accounts. How proud Charles felt when his salary of £70 a year was paid him! What did it matter if the hours were long and the holidays few? Then how glorious was the week that he spent either in Oxford or Cambridge! Sometimes Coleridge stayed a day or two in London to see his friends, and then he and Lamb would go to see Mrs. Siddons act *Lady Macbeth*, or sit up half the night to talk about the books they had read or the books they were going to write. Now and then he went to Mackery End, his old haunt in Hertfordshire. Near Mackery End, where Lamb's grandmother had for many years been housekeeper, lived a girl whom some day Charles hoped to marry, little dreaming that events were close at hand which would make marriage impossible for him altogether.



Mrs. Siddons.

Scarcely had he passed his twenty-first birthday when a terrible thing happened. We need not tell the sad story, but Charles lost his mother, and his poor sister Mary became quite unfit to take care of herself at times, and they could not live together till she was better. When she was cured she came home again, and found Charles always waiting for her, doing his best, after long hours of work at his desk, to interest and to please her.

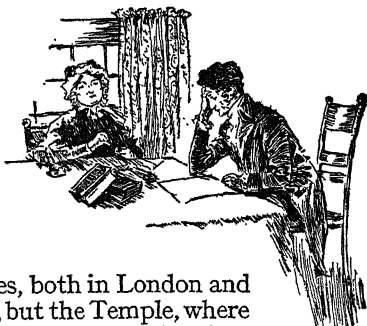
Terribly sad though the position might be, it was made less trying by the many interests the brother and sister had in common. Mary Lamb was not only a very clever woman and fond of books, but she understood and appreciated Charles's fun and jokes as well as the goodness and unselfishness of his conduct towards her. The friends whom he gathered about him in the different lodgings in which they lived were her friends too, and among them were the most famous writers of the day—Coleridge, Southey, Leigh Hunt,



Mary Lamb.

Wordsworth, and many more; and every one agreed that she was "one of the most amiable and admirable of women." On her side, dearly as both she and Charles loved each other, she had many things to put up with. Like other men of genius without his excuse, he had moods of perverseness, when he said a great many foolish things he did not mean, or things that Scottish visitors did not think so funny as he did. But though she was much pained at all this, no one knew as well as Mary how careful he was, even when they were poorest, never to run into debt. He always contrived to have a little to give away to somebody still poorer. And if it happened that he had no money to dispose of, then he gave away his time and his trouble.

While Charles wrote the essays that were by-and-by to become famous under the name of "Essays of Elia," Mary's own pen was not idle. She wrote several little stories which were highly thought of in her own day, and the greater part of the "Tales from Shakespeare," some of which you are now going to read—Charles himself doing the tragedies. "We sat together at the same table," she says, "I taking snuff, and he groaning all the while, and saying he can make nothing of it, which he always says till he has finished, and then he finds out he has made something of it." The "Tales" were eagerly bought, and brought in more commissions for the authors; and though Charles now has most of the credit for the stories, it was Mary who really did most of the work.



The brother and sister had many homes, both in London and in the country near it, but the Temple, where they stayed seventeen years, was the place they loved best of all. Charles's salary had been raised more than once, and his books were now bringing in money; but, perverse as it seems, brother and sister sometimes regretted the pinching of the old days. "A purchase is not a purchase now," says Mary, "when you have money enough and to spare. Formerly it used to be a triumph." And then she goes on to tell of the pleasure they had in thinking and contriving and denying themselves something in order to buy something else that they wanted much more. When Charles's salary reached £700 a year they could get what books they liked, and when he retired in 1825 on a pension of £450 he could readily make up the money by writing.



The latest years of his life were passed at Islington and at Edmonton, while during the summers they went for a change to Enfield in Middlesex, where they spent many hours in long walks, finally ending by taking a house there for a while. Charles, naturally enough, found his leisure hang very heavy on his hands, and, sociable as he was, the number of his callers annoyed him. Once back in London, he used to spend much time reading in the British Museum; but the high spirits and gaiety which had carried him



Edmonton Church.

through so many trials were failing him now, though his courage and patience never forsook him. Mary's attacks grew longer and more frequent, and the death of Coleridge in 1834 struck him down completely. Not even for Mary's sake could he wish to live—his friends would take care of her, he knew; but life without Coleridge, who, in spite of little quarrels, had been like a part of himself for fifty years, was impossible. So when, five weeks after Coleridge had been laid to rest, Lamb one day caught a slight illness, he did not try to struggle against it: Coleridge was dead; what did anything else matter? The following Saturday

his friends stood round his grave at Edmonton, mourning the loss of the man who, if not one of the highest or greatest in literature, at least did a work which was all his own, and left a name which for goodness and unselfishness was second to none.

## A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

THERE was a law in the city of Athens which gave to its citizens the power of compelling their daughters to marry whomsoever they pleased ; for upon a daughter's refusing to marry the man her father had chosen to be her husband, the father was <sup>penable</sup> empowered by this law to cause her to be put to death. But as fathers do not often desire the death of their own daughters, even though they do happen to prove a little refractory, this law was seldom or never put in execution, though perhaps the young ladies of that city were not unfrequently threatened by their parents with the terrors of it.

There was one instance, however, of an old man, whose name was Egeus, who actually did come before Theseus (at that time the reigning Duke of Athens), to complain that his daughter Hermia, whom he had commanded to marry Demetrius, a young man of a noble Athenian family, refused to obey him, because she loved another young Athenian, named Lysander. Egeus demanded justice of Theseus, and desired that this cruel law might be put in force against his daughter.

Hermia pleaded in excuse for her disobedience that Demetrius had formerly professed love for her dear friend Helena, and that Helena loved Demetrius to distraction ; but this honourable reason which Hermia gave for not obeying her father's command moved not the stern Egeus.

Theseus, though a great and merciful prince, had

no power to alter the laws of his country ; therefore he could only give Hermia four days to consider of it, and at the end of that time, if she still refused to marry Demetrius, she was to be put to death.

When Hermia was dismissed from the presence of the duke she went to her lover Lysander, and told him the peril she was in, and that she must either give him up and marry Demetrius or lose her life in four days.

Lysander was in great affliction at hearing these evil tidings ; but recollecting that he had an aunt who lived at some distance from Athens, and that at the place where she lived the cruel law could not be put in force against Hermia (this law not extending beyond the boundaries of the city), he proposed to Hermia that she should steal out of her father's house that night, and go with him to his aunt's house, where he would marry her. " I will meet you," said Lysander, " in the wood a few miles without the city ; in that delightful wood where we have so often walked with Helena in the pleasant month of May."

To this proposal Hermia joyfully agreed ; and she told no one of her intended flight but her friend Helena. Helena (as maidens will do foolish things for love) very ungenerously resolved to go and tell this to Demetrius, though she could hope no benefit from betraying her friend's secret but the poor pleasure of following her faithless lover to the wood ; for she well knew that Demetrius would go thither in pursuit of Hermia.



The wood in which Lysander and Hermia proposed to meet was the favourite haunt of those little beings known by the name of *Fairies*.

Oberon the king and Titania the queen of the fairies, with all their tiny train of followers, in this wood held their midnight revels.



Between this little king and queen of sprites there happened, at this time, a sad disagreement; they never met by moonlight in the shady walks of this pleasant wood but they were quarrelling, till all their fairy elves would creep into acorn-cups and hide themselves for fear.

The cause of this unhappy disagreement was Titania's refusing to give Oberon a little changeling boy, whose mother had been Titania's friend; and upon her death the fairy queen stole the child from its nurse and brought him up in the woods.

The night on which the lovers were to meet in this wood, as Titania was walking with some of her maids of honour, she met Oberon attended by his train of fairy courtiers.

"Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania," said the fairy king. The queen replied, "What, jealous Oberon, is it you? Fairies, skip hence; I have forsworn his company." "Tarry, rash fairy," said Oberon; "am not I thy lord? Why does Titania cross her Oberon? Give me your little changeling boy to be my page."

"Set your heart at rest," answered the queen; "your whole fairy kingdom buys not the boy of me." She then left her lord in great anger. "Well, go your way," said Oberon; "before the morning dawns I will torment you for this injury."

Oberon then sent for Puck, his chief favourite and privy counsellor.

Puck (or as he was sometimes called, Robin Good-fellow) was a shrewd and knavish sprite, that used to play comical pranks in the neighbouring villages, sometimes getting into the dairies and skimming the milk, sometimes plunging his light and airy form into the butter-churn; and while he was dancing his fantastic shape in the churn, in vain the dairymaid would labour to change her cream into butter. Nor had the village swains any better success: whenever Puck chose to play his freaks in the brewing copper, the ale was sure to be spoiled. When a few good neighbours were met to drink some comfortable ale together, Puck would jump into the bowl of ale in the likeness of a roasted crab, and when



some old goody was going to drink he would bob against her lips and spill the ale over her withered chin. And presently after, when the same old dame was gravely seating herself to tell her neighbours a sad and melancholy story, Puck would slip her three-legged stool from under her, and down toppled the poor old woman; and then the old gossips would hold their sides and laugh at her, and swear they never wasted a merrier hour.

"Come hither, Puck," said Oberon to this merry little wanderer of the night; "fetch me the flower which maids call *Love in Idleness*: the juice of that little purple flower laid on the eyelids of those who sleep will make them, when they awake, dote on the

first thing they see. Some of the juice of that flower I will drop on the eyelids of my Titania when she is asleep, and the first thing she looks upon when she opens her eyes she will fall in love with, even though it be a lion or a bear, a meddling monkey or a busy ape ; and before I will take this charm from off her sight, which I can do with another charm I know of, I will make her give me that boy to be my page."

Puck, who loved mischief to his heart, was highly diverted with this intended frolic of his master, and ran to seek the flower ; and while Oberon was waiting the return of Puck, he observed Demetrius and Helena enter the wood. He overheard Demetrius reproaching Helena for following him, and after many unkind words on his part, and gentle expostulations from Helena, reminding him of his former love and professions of true faith to her, he left her (as he said) to the mercy of the wild beasts, and she ran after him as swiftly as she could.

The fairy king, who was always friendly to true lovers, felt great compassion for Helena ; and perhaps, as Lysander said they used to walk by moonlight in this pleasant wood, Oberon might have seen Helena in those happy times when she was beloved by Demetrius. However that might be, when Puck returned with the little purple flower, Oberon said to his favourite, " Take a part of this flower. There has been a sweet Athenian lady here, who is in love with a disdainful youth. If you find him sleeping, drop some of the love-juice in his eyes, but contrive to do it when she is near him, that the first thing he sees when he awakes may be this despised lady. You will know the man by the Athenian garments which he wears." Puck promised to manage this matter very dexterously ; and then Oberon went, unperceived by Titania, to her bower, where she was preparing to go to rest. Her fairy bower was a bank, where grew wild thyme, cowslips, and sweet violets, under a canopy of

woodbine, musk-roses, and eglantine. There Titania always slept some part of the night ; her coverlet being the enamelled skin of a snake, which, though a small mantle, was wide enough to wrap a fairy in.

He found Titania giving orders to her fairies, how they were to employ themselves while she slept. " Some of you," said her majesty, " must kill cankers in the musk-rose buds, and some wage war with the bats for their leathern wings to make my small elves coats, and some of you keep watch that the clamorous owl that nightly hoots come not near me ; but first sing me to sleep." They at once began to sing this song :—

" You spotted snakes with double tongue,  
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen ;  
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,  
Come not near our fairy queen.  
Philomel, with melody  
Sing in our sweet lullaby ;  
Lulla, lulla, lullaby : lulla, lulla, lullaby ;  
Never harm,  
Nor spell nor charm,  
Come our lovely lady nigh ;  
So, good night, with lullaby."

When the fairies had sung their queen asleep with this pretty lullaby, they left her, in order to perform the important services she had enjoined them. Oberon then softly drew near his Titania, and dropped some of the love-juice on her eyelids, saying,

" What thou seest when thou dost wake,  
Do it for thy true-love take."

But to return to Hermia, who made her escape out of her father's house that night, to avoid the death she was doomed to for refusing to marry Demetrius. When she entered the wood she found her dear Lysander waiting for her, to conduct her to his aunt's house ;



but before they had passed half through the wood, Hermia was so much fatigued that Lysander, who was very careful of this dear lady who had proved her affection for him even by hazarding her life for his sake, persuaded her to rest till morning on a bank of soft moss, and lying down himself on the ground at some little distance, they soon fell fast asleep. Here they were found by Puck, who, seeing a handsome young man asleep, and perceiving that his clothes were made in the Athenian fashion, and that a pretty lady was sleeping near him, concluded that this must be the Athenian maid and her disdainful lover whom Oberon had sent him to seek ; and he naturally enough conjectured that, as they were alone together, she must be the first thing he would see when he awoke ; so, without more ado, he proceeded to pour some of the juice of the little purple flower into his eyes. But it so fell out that Helena came that way, and, instead of Hermia, was the first object Lysander beheld when he opened his eyes ; and, strange to relate, so powerful was the love-charm, all his love for Hermia vanished away, and Lysander fell in love with Helena.

Had he first seen Hermia when he awoke, the blunder Puck committed would have been of no consequence, for he could not love that faithful lady too well ; but for poor Lysander to be forced by a fairy love-charm to forget his own true Hermia, and to run after another lady, and leave Hermia asleep quite alone in a wood at midnight, was a sad chance indeed.

Thus this misfortune happened. Helena, as has been before related, endeavoured to keep pace with Demetrius when he ran away so rudely from her ; but she could not continue this unequal race long, men being always better runners in a long race than ladies. Helena soon lost sight of Demetrius ; and as she was wandering about, dejected and forlorn, she arrived at the place where Lysander was sleeping. “ Ah ! ” said she, “ this is Lysander lying on the ground ; is he dead

or asleep?" Then gently touching him, she said, "Good sir, if you are alive, awake." Upon this Lysander opened his eyes, and (the love-charm beginning to work) immediately addressed her in terms of extravagant love and admiration, telling her she as much excelled Hermia in beauty as a dove does a raven, and that he would run through fire for her sweet sake, and many more such lover-like speeches. Helena, knowing Lysander was her friend Hermia's lover, and that he was solemnly engaged to marry her, was in the utmost rage when she heard herself addressed in this manner, for she thought (as well she might) that Lysander was making a jest of her. "Oh!" said she, "why was I born to be mocked and scorned by every one? Is it not enough, is it not enough, young man, that I can never get a sweet look or a kind word from Demetrius, but you, sir, must pretend in this disdainful manner to court me? I thought, Lysander, you were a lord of more true gentleness." Saying these words in great anger, she ran away; and Lysander followed her, quite forgetful of his own Hermia, who was still asleep.



When Hermia awoke she was in a sad fright at finding herself alone. She wandered about the wood, not knowing what was become of Lysander, or which way to go to seek for him. In the meantime Demetrius, not being able to find Hermia and his rival Lysander, and fatigued with his fruitless search, was observed by Oberon fast asleep. Oberon had learnt by some questions he had asked of Puck that he had applied the

love-charm to the wrong person's eyes ; and now having found the person first intended, he touched the eyelids of the sleeping Demetrius with the love-juice, and he instantly awoke ; and the first thing he saw being Helena, he, as Lysander had done before, began to address love-speeches to her. Just at that moment Lysander, followed by Hermia (for through Puck's unlucky mistake it was now become Hermia's turn to run after her lover), made his appearance ; and then Lysander and Demetrius, both speaking together, made love to Helena, they being each one under the influence of the same potent charm.



The astonished Helena thought that Demetrius, Lysander, and her once dear friend Hermia were all in a plot together to make a jest of her.

Hermia was as much surprised as Helena. She knew not why Lysander and Demetrius, who both before loved her, were now become the lovers of Helena ; and to Hermia the matter seemed to be no jest.

The ladies, who before had always been the dearest of friends, now fell to high words together.

"Unkind Hermia," said Helena, "it is you have set Lysander on to vex me with mock praises ; and your other lover Demetrius, who used almost to spurn me with his foot, have you not bid him call me goddess, nymph, rare, precious, and celestial ? He would not speak thus to me, whom he hates, if you did not set him on to make a jest of me. Unkind Hermia, to join with men in scorning your poor friend. Have you forgot our school-day friendship ? How often, Hermia, have we two, sitting on one cushion, both singing one song, with our needles working the same flower, both on the same sampler wrought ; growing

up together in fashion of a double cherry, scarcely seeming parted ! Hermia, it is not friendly in you, it is not maidenly, to join with men in scorning your poor friend."

"I am amazed at your passionate words," said Hermia. "I scorn you not ; it seems you scorn me." "Ay, do," returned Helena, "persevere, counterfeit serious looks, and make mouths at me when I turn my back ; then wink at each other, and hold the sweet jest up. If you had any pity, grace, or manners, you would not use me thus."

While Helena and Hermia were speaking these angry words to each other, Demetrius and Lysander left them, to fight together in the wood for the love of Helena.

When the two girls found the gentlemen had left them, they departed, and once more wandered weary in the wood in search of their lovers.

As soon as they were gone, the fairy king, who with little Puck had been listening to their quarrels, said to him, "This is your negligence, Puck ; or did you do this wilfully ?" "Believe me, king of shadows," answered Puck, "it was a mistake : did not you tell me I should know the man by his Athenian garments ? However, I am not sorry this has happened, for I think their jangling makes excellent sport." "You heard," said Oberon, "that Demetrius and Lysander are gone to seek a convenient place to fight in. I command you to overhang the night with a thick fog, and lead these quarrelsome lovers so astray in the dark that they shall not be able to find each other. Counterfeit each of their voices to the other, and with bitter taunts provoke them to follow you, while they think it is their rival's tongue they hear. See you do this till they are so weary they can go no farther ; and when you find they are asleep, drop the juice of this other flower into Lysander's eyes, and when he awakes he will forget his new love for Helena, and

return to his old passion for Hermia ; and then the two fair ladies may each one be happy with the man she loves, and they will think all that has passed a vexatious dream. About this quickly, Puck, and I will go and see what sweet love my Titania has found."

Titania was still sleeping, and Oberon seeing a clown near her who had lost his way, and was likewise asleep—"This fellow," said he, "shall be my Titania's true love ;" and clapping an ass's head over the



clown's, it seemed to fit him as well as if it had grown upon his own shoulders. Though Oberon fixed the ass's head on very gently, it awakened him, and rising up, unconscious of what Oberon had done to him, he went towards the bower of the fairy queen.

"Ah ! what angel is that I see ?" said Titania, opening her eyes, and the juice of the little purple flower beginning to take effect. "Are you as wise as you are beautiful ?"

"Why, mistress," said the foolish clown, "if I have wit enough to find the way out of this wood, I have enough to serve my turn."

"Out of the wood do not desire to go," said the enamoured queen. "I am a spirit of no common rate. I love you. Go with me and I will give you fairies to attend upon you."

She then called four of her fairies ; their names were Pease-blossom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustard-seed.

"Attend," said the queen, "upon this sweet gentleman ; hop in his walks, and gambol in his sight ; feed him with grapes and apricots, and steal for him the honey-bags from the bees. Come, sit with me," said she to the clown, "and let me play with your amiable hairy cheeks, my beautiful ass ! and kiss your fair large ears, my gentle joy !"

"Where is Pease-blossom ?" said the ass-headed clown, not much regarding the fairy queen's courtship, but very proud of his new attendants.

"Here, sir," said little Pease-blossom.

"Scratch my head," said the clown. "Where is Cobweb ?"

"Here, sir," said Cobweb.

"Good Mr. Cobweb," said the foolish clown, "kill me the red humble-bee on the top of that thistle yonder ; and, good Mr. Cobweb, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, Mr. Cobweb, and take care the honey-bag break not ; I should be sorry to have you overflown with a honey-bag. Where is Mustard-seed ?"

"Here, sir," said Mustard-seed ; "what is your will ?"

"Nothing," said the clown, "good Mr. Mustard-seed, but to help Mr. Pease-blossom to scratch. I must go to a barber's, Mr. Mustard-seed, for methinks I am marvellous hairy about the face."

"My sweet love," said the queen, "what will you have to eat ? I have a venturous fairy shall seek the squirrel's hoard, and fetch you some new nuts."

"I had rather have a handful of dried pease," said the clown, who with his ass's head had got an ass's



appetite. But I pray let none of your people disturb me, for I have a mind to sleep."

"Sleep, then," said the queen, "and I will wind you in my arms. Oh how I love you! how I dote upon you!"

When the fairy king saw the clown sleeping in the arms of his queen, he advanced within her sight, and reproached her with having lavished her favours upon an ass.

This she could not deny, as the clown was then sleeping within her arms, with his ass's head crowned by her with flowers.

When Oberon had teased her for some time, he again demanded the changeling boy; which she, ashamed of being discovered by her lord with her new favourite, did not dare to refuse him.

Oberon, having thus obtained the little boy he had so long wished for to be his page, took pity on the disgraceful situation into which, by his merry contrivance, he had brought his Titania, and threw some of the juice of the other flower into her eyes; and the fairy queen immediately recovered her senses, and wondered at her late dotage, saying how she now loathed the sight of the strange monster.

Oberon likewise took the ass's head from off the clown, and left him to finish his nap with his own head upon his shoulders.

Oberon and his Titania being now perfectly reconciled, he related to her the history of the lovers and their midnight quarrels; and she agreed to go with him and see the end of their adventures.

The fairy king and queen found the lovers and their fair ladies at no great distance from each other, sleeping on a grass-plot; for Puck, to make amends for his former mistake, had contrived with the utmost diligence to bring them all to the same spot, unknown to each other, and he had carefully removed the charm

from off the eyes of Lysander with the antidote the fairy king gave to him.

Hermia first awoke, and finding her lost Lysander asleep so near her, was looking at him and wondering at his strange inconstancy. Lysander presently opening his eyes, and seeing his dear Hermia, recovered his reason, which the fairy charm had before clouded, and with his reason his love for Hermia ; and they began to talk over the adventures of the night, doubting if these things had really happened, or if they had both been dreaming the same bewildering dream.

Helena and Demetrius were by this time awake ; and a sweet sleep having quieted Helena's disturbed and angry spirits, she listened with delight to the professions of love which Demetrius still made to her, and which, to her surprise as well as pleasure, she began to perceive were sincere.

These fair night-wandering ladies, now no longer rivals, became once more true friends ; all the unkind words which had passed were forgiven, and they calmly consulted together what was best to be done in their present situation. It was soon agreed that, as Demetrius had given up his pretensions to Hermia, he should endeavour to prevail upon her father to revoke the cruel sentence of death which had been passed against her. Demetrius was preparing to return to Athens for this friendly purpose when they were surprised with the sight of Egeus, Hermia's





father, who came to the wood in pursuit of his run-away daughter.

When Egeus understood that Demetrius would not now marry his daughter, he no longer opposed her marriage with Lysander, but gave his consent that they should be wedded on the fourth day from that time, being the same day on which Hermia had been condemned to lose her life ; and on that same day Helena joyfully agreed to marry her beloved and now faithful Demetrius.

The fairy king and queen, who were invisible spectators of this reconciliation, and now saw the happy ending of the lovers' history, brought about through the good offices of Oberon, received so much pleasure that these kind spirits resolved to celebrate the approaching nuptials with sports and revels throughout their fairy kingdom.

And now, if any are offended with this story of fairies and their pranks, as judging it incredible and strange, they have only to think that they have been asleep and dreaming, and that all these adventures were visions which they saw in their sleep ; and I hope none of my readers will be so unreasonable as to be offended with a pretty, harmless *Midsummer Night's Dream*.



## A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

## A FAIRY SCENE IN A WOOD

## A WOOD NEAR ATHENS

[*Enter, from opposite sides, a FAIRY and PUCK.*]

*Puck.* How now, spirit ! whither wander you ?

*Fai.* Over hill, over dale,

Thorough bush, thorough brier,

Over park, over pale,

Thorough flood, thorough fire,

I do wander every where,

Swifter than the moon's sphere ;

And I serve the fairy queen,

To dew her orbs upon the green.

The cowslips tall her pensioners be :

In their gold coats spots you see ;

Those be rubies, fairy favours,

In those freckles live their savours :

I must go seek some dewdrops here,

And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.



*Dew her orbs,* Bedew the rings of greener grass in which the fairies are said to hold their revels.

Farewell, thou lob of spirits ; I'll be gone :  
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

*Puck.* The king doth keep his revels here to-night :  
Take heed the queen come not within his sight :  
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,  
Because that she as her attendant hath  
A lovely boy, stolen from an Indian king ;  
She never had so sweet a changeling :  
And jealous Oberon would have the child  
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild ;  
But she perforce withholds the lovèd boy,  
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy :  
And now they never meet in grove or green,  
By fountain clear, or spangl'd starlight sheen,  
But they do square ; that all their elves, for fear,  
Creep into acorn-cups, and hide them there.

*Fai.* Either I mistake your shape and making quite,  
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite  
Call'd Robin Goodfellow. Are you not he  
That frights the maidens of the villagery ;  
Skims milk, and sometimes labours in the quern,  
And bootless makes the breathless housewife churn ;  
And sometime makes the drink to bear no barm ;  
Misleads night-wanderers, laughing at their harm ?  
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,  
You do their work, and you shall have good luck :  
Are not you he ?

*Puck.* Thou speak'st aright ;  
I am that merry wanderer of the night.  
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile  
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,  
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal.  
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,  
In very likeness of a roasted crab ;  
And when she drinks, against her lips I bob,

*Lob*, A clown or jester.

*Square*, Quarrel.

*Quern*, A handmill for grinding corn.

*Barm*, Froth used as yeast.

*Crab*, Crab-apple

And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale.  
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,  
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me ;  
Then slip I from my place, down topples she,  
And " tailor " cries, and falls into a cough ;  
And then the whole quire hold their hips and laugh,  
And waxen in their mirth, and sneeze, and swear  
A merrier hour was never wasted there.—  
But room, fairy ! here comes Oberon.

*Fai.* And here my mistress.—Would that he were gone !

[*Enter, from one side, OBERON, with his Train ; from the other, TITANIA, with hers.*]

*Obe.* Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.

*Tita.* What, jealous Oberon !—Fairies, skip hence :  
I have forsworn his house and company.

*Obe.* Tarry, rash wanton : am not I thy lord ?

*Tita.* Then I must be thy lady ; but I know  
When thou hast stolen away from fairy land,  
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,  
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love  
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here ?  
Come from the farthest steppe of India ?  
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,  
Your buskin'd mistress and your warrior love,  
To Theseus must be wedded, and you come  
To give their love joy and prosperity ?

*Obe.* How canst thou thus for shame, Titania,  
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,  
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus ?  
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night  
And make him with fair Æglë break his faith,  
With Ariadnë and Antiopa ?

*Dewlap*, Skin under the throat.

" *Tailor* ", " He that slips beside his chair falls as a tailor squats upon his board. "—JOHNSON.

*Amazon*, One of a race of warrior women of the ancient world.

*Buskin'd*, Wearing high boots known as buskins.

*Tita.* These are the forgeries of jealousy :  
 And never, since the middle summer's spring,  
 Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,  
 By paved fountain or by rushy brook,  
 Or in the beached margin of the sea,  
 To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,  
 But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.  
 Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,  
 As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea  
 Contagious fogs, which, falling in the land,  
 Have every pelting river made so proud  
 That they have overborne their continents :  
 The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,  
 The ploughman lost his sweat, and the green corn  
 Hath rotted ere his youth attain'd a  
 beard :  
 The fold stands empty in the drowned  
 field,  
 And crows are fatted with the murrain  
 flock ;  
 The nine men's morris is fill'd up with  
 mud,  
 And the quaint mazes in the wanton  
 green,  
 For lack of tread, are undistinguishable :  
 The human mortals want their winter  
 cheer ;  
 No night is now with hymn or carol  
 blest :—  
 Therefore the moon, the governess of  
 floods,

Pale in her anger, washes all the air,  
 That rheumatic diseases do abound :

*Ringlets,* The fairy rings already referred to.  
*Murrain,* A disease among cattle.  
*Nine men's morris,* A plot of green turf cut into a sort of chess-board, upon which the country lads played a game known by this name.  
*Wanton green,* The green on which the grass grew thickly.



And thorough this distemperature we see  
The seasons alter : hoary-headed frosts  
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose ;  
And on old Hiems' thin and icy crown  
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds  
Is, as in mockery, set : the spring, the summer,  
The childing autumn, angry winter, change  
Their wonted liveries ; and the mazed world,  
By their increase, now knows not which is which :  
And this same progeny of evils comes  
From our debate, from our dissension ;—  
We are their parents and original.

*Obe.* Do you amend it, then ; it lies in you :  
Why should Titania cross her Oberon ?  
I do but beg a little changeling boy,  
To be my henchman.

*Tita.* Set your heart at rest :  
The fairy land buys not the child of me.  
His mother was a votaress of my order ;  
And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,  
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side,  
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,  
Marking the embarked traders on the flood.  
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die ;  
And for her sake I do rear up her boy,  
And for her sake I will not part with him.

*Obe.* How long within this wood intend you stay ?

*Tita.* Perchance till after Theseus' wedding-day.  
If you will patiently dance in our round,  
And see our moonlight revels, go with us ;  
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

*Obe.* Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

*Tita.* Not for thy fairy kingdom.—Fairies, away !  
We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.

[*Exit TITANIA with her Train.*]

*Obe.* Well, go thy way : thou shalt not from this  
grove

*Hiems, Winter.*

Till I torment thee for this injury.—

My gentle Puck, come hither, Thou remember'st  
Since once I sat upon a promontory,  
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,  
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath  
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,  
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,  
To hear the sea-maid's music.

*Puck.*

I remember.

*Obe.* That very time I saw (but thou couldst not),  
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,  
Cupid all arm'd : a certain aim he took  
At a fair Vestal throned by the west,  
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,  
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts :  
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft  
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon,  
And the imperial votaress passed on,  
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.  
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell :  
It fell upon a little western flower,  
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,  
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.  
Fetch me that flower ; the herb I show'd thee once :  
The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid  
Will make or man or woman madly dote  
Upon the next live creature that it sees.  
Fetch me this herb ; and be thou here again  
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

*Puck.* I'll put a girdle round about the earth  
In forty minutes.

[*Exit*

*Obe.* Having once this juice,  
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,  
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes.  
The next thing then she waking looks upon  
(Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,  
On meddling monkey or on busy ape)

*Fair Vestal,* This is a reference to the Virgin Queen Elizabeth.

She shall pursue it with the soul of love :  
And ere I take this charm from off her sight  
(As I can take it with another herb),  
I'll make her render up her page to me.

[*Re-enter* PUCK.]

Hast thou the flower there ? Welcome, wanderer.

*Puck.* Ay, there it is.

*Obe.*

I pray thee, give it me.

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,  
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows ;  
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,  
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine :  
There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,  
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight ;  
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,  
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in :  
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,  
And make her full of hateful fantasies.

## ANOTHER FAIRY SCENE

### ANOTHER PART OF THE WOOD

[*Enter* TITANIA, *with her Train.*]

*Tita.* Come, now a roundel and a fairy song ;  
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence ;—  
Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds ;  
Some, war with rere-mice for their leathern wings  
To make my small elves coats ; and some, keep back  
The clamorous owl that nightly hoots and wonders  
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep ;  
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

*Rere-mice, Bats.*

*Spirits, Sports.*



## SONG

*First Fairy.* You spotted snakes with double tongue,  
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen ;  
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,  
Come not near our fairy queen.



## CHORUS

Philomel, with melody  
Sing in our sweet lullaby ;  
Lulla, lulla, lullaby : lulla, lulla,  
lullaby :  
Never harm,  
Nor spell nor charm,  
Come our lovely lady nigh ;  
So, good night, with lullaby.

*Second Fairy.* Weaving spiders, come not here ;  
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence !  
Beetles black, approach not near ;  
Worm nor snail, do no offence.

## CHORUS

Philomel, with melody, etc.

*First Fairy.* Hence, away ! now all is well :  
One aloof stand sentinel.

[*Exeunt FAIRIES.* TITANIA *sleeps.*

## THE FAIRY'S SONG

Now the hungry lion roars,  
And the wolf howls the moon ;  
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,  
All with weary task fordone.  
Now the wasted brands do glow,  
Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,

*Philomel,* The nightingale.

Puts the wretch that lies in woe  
 In remembrance of a shroud,  
 Now it is the time of night,  
 That the graves, all gaping wide,  
 Every one lets forth his sprite,  
 In the church-way paths to glide :  
 And we fairies, that do run  
 By the triple Hecate's team,  
 From the presence of the sun,  
 Following darkness like a dream,  
 Now are frolic : not a mouse  
 Shall disturb this hallow'd house :  
 I am sent, with broom, before,  
 To sweep the dust behind the door.

## NICK BOTTOM'S ENTERTAINMENT

[Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, and  
 STARVELING.]

*Quin.* Is all our company here ?

*Bot.* You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.

*Quin.* Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and the duchess, on his wedding-day at night.

*Bot.* First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on, then read the names of the actors, and so grow to a point.

*Quin.* Marry, our play is, The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

*Bot.* A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry. Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll. Masters, spread yourselves.

*Hecate,* The queen of the underworld, and the leader of the witches.

*Quin.* Answer as I call you. Nick Bottom, the weaver.

*Bot.* Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.

*Quin.* You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus

*Bot.* What is Pyramus ? a lover, or a tyrant ?

*Quin.* A lover, that kills himself most gallant for love.

*Bot.* That will ask some tears in the true performing of it : if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes ; I will move storms, I will condole in some measure. To the rest : yet my chief humour is for a tyrant : I could play Eracles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

The raging rocks  
And shivering shocks  
Shall break the locks  
Of prison gates ;  
And Phibbus' car  
Shall shine from far  
And make and mar  
The foolish Fates.

This was lofty ! Now name the rest of the players. This is Eracles' vein, a tyrant's vein ; a lover is more condoling.

*Quin.* Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

*Flu.* Here, Peter Quince.

*Quin.* Flute, you must take Thisby on you.

*Flu.* What is Thisby ? a wandering knight ?

*Quin.* It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

*Flu.* Nay, faith, let not me play a woman ; I have a beard coming.

*Quin.* That's all one : you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

*Bot.* An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too : I'll speak in a monstrous little voice, " Thisne, Thisne " ; " Ah Pyramus, my lover dear ! thy Thisby dear, and lady dear ! "

*Quin.* No, no ; you must play Pyramus : and, Flute, you Thisby.

*Bot.* Well, proceed.

*Quin.* Robin Starveling, the tailor.

*Star.* Here, Peter Quince.

*Quin.* Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother. Tom Snout, the tinker.

*Snout.* Here, Peter Quince.

*Quin.* You, Pyramus' father : myself, Thisby's father. Snug, the joiner ; you, the lion's part : and I hope, here is a play fitted.

*Snug.* Have you the lion's part written ? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

*Quin.* You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

*Bot.* Let me play the lion too : I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me ; I will roar, that I will make the duke say " Let him roar again, let him roar again."

*Quin.* An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek ; and that were enough to hang us all.

*All.* That would hang us, every mother's son.

*Bot.* I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us : but I will aggravate my voice so that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove ; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

*Quin.* You can play no part but Pyramus ; for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man ; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day ; a most lovely gentleman-like man : therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

*Bot.* Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in ?

*Quin.* Why, what you will.

*Bot.* I will discharge it in either your straw-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain

beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow.

*Quin.* Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play barefaced. But, masters, here are your parts : and I am to entreat you, request you and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night ; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight ; there will we rehearse, for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogged with company, and our devices known. In the meantime I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

*Bot.* We will meet ; and there we may rehearse most obscenely and courageously. Take pains ; be perfect : adieu.

*Quin.* At the duke's oak we meet.

*Bot.* Enough ; hold or cut bow-strings. [*Exeunt.*

\* \* \* \* \*

*Bot.* Are we all met ?

*Quin.* Pat, pat ; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn-brake our tiring-house ; and we will do it in action as we will do it before the duke.

*Bot.* Peter Quince,—

*Quin.* What sayest thou, bully Bottom ?

*Bot.* There are things in this comedy of Pyramus and Thisby that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself ; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that ?

*Snout.* By'r lakin, a parlous fear.

*Star.* I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

*Bot.* Not a whit ; I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue ; and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords and that Pyramus is not killed indeed ; and, for the more better assurance, tell them that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver : this will put them out of fear.

*Quin.* Well, we will have such a prologue ; and it shall be written in eight and six.

*Bot.* No, make it two more ; let it be written in eight and eight.

*Snout.* Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion ?

*Star.* I fear it, I promise you.

*Bot.* Masters; you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in—God shield us !—a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing ; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living ; and we ought to look to't.

*Snout.* Therefore another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

*Bot.* Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck : and **he** himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,—“ Ladies,”—or “ Fair ladies,—I would wish you,”—or “ I would request you,”—or “ I would entreat you,—not to fear, not to tremble : my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life : no, I am no such thing ; I am a man as other men are ” ; and there indeed let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.

*Quin.* Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things ; that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber ; for, you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

*Snout.* Doth the moon shine that night we play our play ?

*Bot.* A calendar, a calendar ! look in the almanac : find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

*Quin.* Yes, it doth shine that night.

*Bot.* Why, then may you leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open, and the moon may shine in at the casement.

*Quin.* Ay ; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorn, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of Moonshine. Then, there

is another thing : we must have a wall in the great chamber ; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

*Snout.* You can never bring in a wall. What say you, Bottom ?

*Bot.* Some man or other must present Wall : and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall ; and let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

*Quin.* If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin : when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake : and so every one according to his cue.

[*Enter PUCK behind.*]

*Puck.* What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,  
So near the cradle of the fairy queen ?  
What, a play toward ! I'll be an auditor ;  
An actor too perhaps, if I see cause.

*Quin.* Speak, Pyramus. Thisby, stand forth.

*Bot.* Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet,--

*Quin.* Odours, odours.

*Bot.* — odours savours sweet :

So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.

But hark, a voice ! stay thou but here awhile,

And by and by I will to thee appear. [*Exit.*]

*Puck.* A stranger Pyramus than e'er played here.

[*Exit.*]

*Flu.* Must I speak now ?

*Quin.* Ay, marry, must you ; for you must understand he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

*Flu.* Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,  
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,  
Most brisky juvenal and eke most lovely Jew,

As true as truest horse that yet would never tire,  
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

*Quin.* "Ninus' tomb," man: why, you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you speak all your part at once, cues and all. Pyramus enter: your cue is past; it is, "never tire."

*Flu.* O,—As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.

[*Re-enter* PUCK, and BOTTOM *with an ass's head.*]

*Bot.* If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine.

*Quin.* O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted.  
Pray, masters! fly, masters! Help!

[*Exeunt* QUINCE, SNUG, FLUTE, SNOUT, and  
STARVELING.

*Puck.* I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,  
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through  
brier:

Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,

A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;  
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,  
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. [*Exit.*

*Bot.* Why do they run away? this is a knavery of  
them to make me afraid.

[*Re-enter* SNOUT.]

*Snout.* O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see  
on thee?

*Bot.* What do you see? you see an ass-head of your  
own, do you? [*Exit* SNOUT.

[*Re-enter* QUINCE.]

*Quin.* Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art  
translated. [*Exit.*

*Bot.* I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of  
me: to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir  
from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and



down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. [Sings.]

The ousel cock so black of hue,  
With orange-tawny bill,  
The throstle with his note so true,  
The wren with little quill,—

*Tita.* [awaking]. What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

*Bot.* [sings].

The finch, the sparrow and the lark,  
The plain-song cuckoo gray,  
Whose note full many a man doth mark,  
And dares not answer nay ;—

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry “cuckoo” never so?

*Tita.* I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again :  
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note ;  
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape ;  
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me  
On the first view to say, to swear, I love thee.

*Bot.* Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that : and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days ; the more the pity that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek upon occasion.

*Tita.* Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

*Bot.* Not so, neither : but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

*Tita.* Out of this wood do not desire to go :  
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.  
I am a spirit of no common rate :  
The summer still doth tend upon my state ;  
And I do love thee : therefore, go with me ;  
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee,

And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,  
 And sing while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep :  
 And I will purge thy mortal grossness so  
 That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.  
 Pease-blossom ! Cobweb ! Moth ! and Mustard-seed !

[*Enter* PEASE-BLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, and  
 MUSTARD-SEED.]

*Peas.* Ready.

*Cob.* And I.

*Moth.* And I.

*Mus.* And I.

*All.* Where shall we go ?

*Tita.* Be kind and courteous to this gentleman ;  
 Hop in his walks and gambol in his eyes ;  
 Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,  
 With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries ;  
 The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,  
 And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs  
 And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,  
 To have my love to bed and to arise ;  
 And pluck the wings from painted butterflies  
 To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes :  
 Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

*Peas.* Hail, mortal !

*Cob.* Hail !

*Moth.* Hail !

*Mus.* Hail !

*Bot.* I cry your worships mercy, heartily : I beseech  
 your worship's name.

*Cob.* Cobweb.

*Bot.* I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good  
 Master Cobweb : if I cut my finger, I shall make bold  
 with you. Your name, honest gentleman ?

*Pease.* Pease-blossom.

*Bot.* I pray you, commend me to Mistress Squash,  
 your mother, and to Master Peascod, your father.  
 Good Master Pease-blossom, I shall desire you of

more acquaintance too. Your name, I beseech you, sir ?

*Mus.* Mustard-seed.

*Bot.* Good Master Mustard-seed, I know your patience well : that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house : I promise you your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire your more acquaintance, good Master Mustard-seed.

*Tita.* Come, wait upon him ; lead him to my bower.

The moon methinks looks with a watery eye ;  
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,

Lamenting some enforced chastity.

Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently.

## KING JOHN

SHAKESPEARE wrote a number of plays based upon history, one of the earliest being *The Life and Death of King John*. In this play he does not deal with *Magna Charta*, but with the fighting in Normandy and King John's treatment of his nephew, Prince Arthur, whom he is said either to have murdered or caused to be murdered. The story of this play was not told by Charles or Mary Lamb, but its outline at least can be obtained from any history book. Shakespeare adhered rather closely to history in telling his story, drawing his narrative chiefly from the *Chronicle* of an Elizabethan writer named Raphael Holinshed ; but the poet invented many parts of the story as given in his play, and notably the famous scene which tells how the young imprisoned Prince Arthur *nearly* had his eyes put out by Hubert de Burgh.

### PRINCE ARTHUR AND HUBERT

#### A ROOM IN A CASTLE

[*Enter HUBERT and EXECUTIONERS.*]

*Hub.* Heat me these irons hot ; and look thou stand  
Within the arras : when I strike my foot  
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,  
And bind the boy which you shall find with me  
Fast to the chair : be heedful : hence, and watch.

*First Exec.* I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

*Hub.* Uncleanly scruples ! fear not you : look to't.

[*Exeunt* EXECUTIONERS.]

Young lad, come forth ; I have to say with you.

[*Enter* ARTHUR.]

*Arth.* Good morrow, Hubert.

*Hub.* Good morrow, little prince.

*Arth.* As little prince, having so great a title  
To be more prince, as may be. You are sad.

*Hub.* Indeed, I have been merrier.

*Arth.* Mercy on me !

Methinks no body should be sad but I :

Yet, I remember, when I was in France,

Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,  
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,

So I were out of prison and kept sheep,

I should be as merry as the day is long ;

And so I would be here, but that I doubt

My uncle practises more harm to me :

He is afraid of me and I of him :

Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's son ?

No, indeed, is't not ; and I would to heaven

I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

*Hub.* [*aside*]. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate  
He will awake my mercy which lies dead :

Therefore I will be sudden and dispatch.

*Arth.* Are you sick, Hubert ? you look pale  
to-day :

In sooth, I would you were a little sick,

That I might sit all night and watch with you :

I warrant I love you more than you do me.

*Hub.* [*aside*]. His words do take possession of my  
bosom.

Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*

[*aside.*] How now, foolish rheum !

Turning despiteous torture out of door !

I must be brief, lest resolution drop

Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.

Can you not read it ? is it not fair writ ?

*Arth.* Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect :

Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes ?

*Hub.* Young boy, I must.

*Arth.* And will you ?

*Hub.* And I will.

*Arth.* Have you the heart ? When your head did  
but ache,

I knit my handkercher about your brows,

The best I had, a princess wrought it me,

And I did never ask it you again ;

And with my hand at midnight held your head,

And like the watchful minutes to the hour,

Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,

Saying, " What lack you ? " and " Where lies your  
grief ? "

Or " What good love may I perform for you ? "

Many a poor man's son would have lien still

And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you ;

But you at your sick service had a prince.

Nay, you may think my love was crafty love

And call it cunning : do, an if you will :

If heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,

Why then you must. Will you put out mine eyes ?

These eyes that never did nor never shall

So much as frown on you.

*Hub.* I have sworn to do it ;

And with hot irons must I burn them out.

*Arth.* Ah, none but in this iron age would do it !

The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,

Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears

And quench his fiery indignation

Even in the matter of mine innocence ;

Nay, after that, consume away in rust,

But for containing fire to harm mine eye.

Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron ?

An if an angel should have come to me

And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,

I would not have believed him,—no tongue but  
Hubert's.

*Hub.* Come forth.

[*Stamps.*

[*Re-enter EXECUTIONERS, with a cord, irons, etc.*]

Do as I bid you do.

*Arth.* O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are  
out

Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

*Hub.* Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

*Arth.* Alas, what need you be so boisterous-rough?

I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.

For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!

Nay, hear me, Hubert, drive these men away,

And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;

I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,

Nor look upon the iron angerly:

Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,

Whatever torment you do put me to.

*Hub.* Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

*First Exec.* I am best pleased to be from such a deed.

[*Exeunt EXECUTIONERS.*

*Arth.* Alas, I then have chid away my friend!

He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:

Let him come back, that his compassion may

Give life to yours.

*Hub.* Come, boy, prepare yourself.

*Arth.* Is there no remedy?

*Hub.* None, but to lose your eyes.

*Arth.* O heaven, that there were but a mote in yours,  
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,

Any annoyance in that precious sense!

Then feeling what small things are boisterous there,

Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

*Hub.* Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

*Arth.* Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues  
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:

Let me not hold my tongue, let me not, Hubert;

Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,  
So I may keep mine eyes : O, spare mine eyes,  
Though to no use but still to look on you !  
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold  
And would not harm me.

*Hub.* I can heat it, boy.

*Arth.* No, in good sooth ; the fire is dead with grief,  
Being create for comfort, to be used  
In undeserved extremes : see else yourself ;  
There is no malice in this burning coal ;  
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out  
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

*Hub.* But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

*Arth.* An if you do, you will but make it blush  
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert :  
Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes ;  
And like a dog that is compell'd to fight,  
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.  
All things that you should use to do me wrong  
Deny their office : only you do lack  
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,  
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

*Hub.* Well, see to live ; I will not touch thine eye  
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes :  
Yet am I sworn and I did purpose, boy,  
With this same very iron to burn them out.

*Arth.* O, now you look like Hubert ! all this while  
You were disguised.

*Hub.* Peace : no more. Adieu.  
Your uncle must not know but you are dead ;  
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports :  
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure,  
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,  
Will not offend thee.

*Arth.* O heaven ! I thank you, Hubert.

*Hub.* Silence ; no more : go closely in with me :  
Much danger do I undergo for thee.



## THE DEATH OF ARTHUR

## BEFORE THE CASTLE

[*Enter ARTHUR, on the walls.*]

*Arth.* The wall is high, and yet will I leap down :  
Good ground, be pitiful and hurt me not !  
There's few or none do know me : if they did,  
'This ship-boy's semblance hath disguised me quite.  
I am afraid ; and yet I'll venture it.  
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,  
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away :  
As good to die and go, as die and stay. [*Leaps down.*  
O me ! my uncle's spirit is in these stones :  
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones !  
[*Dies.*

[*Enter the Noblemen PEMBROKE, SALISBURY,  
and BIGOT.*]

*Sal.* Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmundsbury :  
It is our safety, and we must embrace  
This gentle offer of the perilous time.

*Pem.* Who brought that letter from the cardinal ?

*Sal.* The Count Melun, a noble lord of France ;  
Whose private with me of the Dauphin's love  
Is much more general than these lines import.

*Big.* To-morrow morning let us meet him then.

*Sal.* Or rather then set forward ; for 'twill be  
Two long days' journey, lords, or ere we meet.

[*Enter PHILIP FAULCONBRIDGE.*]

*Phil.* Once more to-day well met, distemper'd lords !  
The king by me requests your presence straight.

*Sal.* The king hath dispossess'd himself of us :  
We will not line his thin bestained cloak  
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot  
That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks.

Return and tell him so : we know the worst.

*Phil.* Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were best.

*Sal.* Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.

*Phil.* But there is little reason in your grief ;

Therefore 'twere reason you had manners now.

*Pem.* Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.

*Phil.* 'Tis true, to hurt his master, no man else.

*Sal.* This is the prison. What is he lies here ?

[*Seeing ARTHUR.*

*Pem.* O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty !

The earth hath not a hole to hide this deed.

*Sal.* Murder, as hating what himself hath done,  
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.

*Big.* Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,  
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.

*Sal.* Sir Richard, what think you ? have you beheld,  
Or have you read or heard ? or could you think ?  
Or do you almost think, although you see,  
That you do see ? could thought, without this object,  
Form such another ? This is the very top,  
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,  
Of murder's arms : this is the bloodiest shame,  
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,  
That ever wall-eyed wrath or staring rage  
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

*Pem.* All murders past do stand excused in this :  
And this, so sole and so unmatchable,  
Shall give a holiness, a purity,  
To the yet unbegotten sin of times ;  
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,  
Exempl'd by this heinous spectacle.

*Phil.* It is a damned and a bloody work ;  
The graceless action of a heavy hand,  
If that it be the work of any hand.

*Sal.* If that it be the work of any hand !  
We had a kind of light what would ensue :

It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand ;  
The practice and the purpose of the king :  
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,  
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,  
And breathing to his breathless excellence  
The incense of a vow, a holy vow,  
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,  
Never to be infected with delight,  
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,  
Till I have set a glory to this hand,  
By giving it the worship of revenge.

*Pem.* }  
*Big.* } Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

## THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

SHYLOCK, the Jew, lived at Venice. He was a usurer, who had amassed an immense fortune by lending money at great interest to Christian merchants. Shylock, being a hard-hearted man, exacted the payment of the money he lent with such severity that he was much disliked by all good men, and particularly by Antonio, a young merchant of Venice; and Shylock as much hated Antonio, because he used to lend money to people in distress, and would never take any interest for the money he lent; therefore there was great enmity between this covetous Jew and the generous merchant Antonio. Whenever Antonio met Shylock on the Rialto (or Exchange) he used to reproach him with his usuries and hard dealings, which the Jew would bear with seeming patience, while he secretly meditated revenge.

Antonio was the kindest man that lived, the best conditioned, and had the most unwearied spirit in doing courtesies; indeed, he was one in whom the ancient Roman honour more appeared than in any that drew breath in Italy. He was greatly beloved by all his fellow-citizens; but the friend who was nearest and dearest to his heart was Bassanio, a noble Venetian, who, having but a small patrimony, had nearly exhausted his little fortune by living in too expensive



a manner for his slender means, as young men of high rank with small fortunes are too apt to do. Whenever Bassanio wanted money, Antonio assisted ; and it seemed as if they had but one heart and one purse between them.

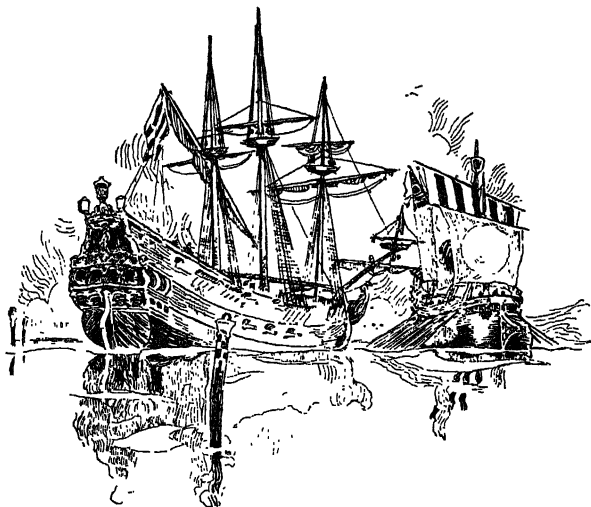
One day Bassanio came to Antonio, and told him that he wished to repair his fortune by a wealthy marriage with a lady whom he dearly loved, whose father, that was lately dead, had left her sole heiress to a large estate ; and that in her father's lifetime he used to visit at her house, when he thought he had observed this lady had sometimes from her eyes sent speechless messages, that seemed to say he would be no unwelcome suitor ; but not having money to furnish himself with an appearance befitting the lover of so rich an heiress, he besought Antonio to add to the many favours he had shown him by lending him three thousand ducats.

Antonio had no money by him at that time to lend his friend ; but expecting soon to have some ships come home laden with merchandise, he said he would go to Shylock, the rich money-lender, and borrow the money upon the credit of those ships.

Antonio and Bassanio went together to Shylock, and Antonio asked the Jew to lend him three thousand ducats upon any interest he should require, to be paid out of the merchandise contained in his ships at sea. On this, Shylock thought within himself, " If I can once catch him on the hip, I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him. He hates our Jewish nation ; he lends out money gratis ; and among the merchants he rails at me and my well-earned bargains, which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe if I forgive him ! "

Antonio finding he was musing within himself and did not answer, and being impatient for the money, said, " Shylock, do you hear ? will you lend the money ? " To this question the Jew replied, " Signior Antonio, on the Rialto many a time and often you

have railed at me about my monies and my usuries, and I have borne it with a patient shrug, for sufferance is the badge of all our tribe; and then you have called me unbeliever, cut-throat dog, and spit upon my Jewish garments, and spurned at me with your foot, as if I was a cur. Well then, it now appears you need my help; and you come to me, and



say, *Shylock, lend me monies*. Has a dog money? Is it possible a cur should lend three thousand ducats? Shall I bend low and say, Fair sir, you spit upon me on Wednesday last, another time you called me dog, and for these courtesies I am to lend you monies." Antonio replied, "I am as like to call you so again, to spit on you again, and spurn you too. If you will lend me this money, lend it not to me as to a friend, but rather lend it to me as to an enemy,

that, if I break, you may with better face exact the penalty."

"Why, look you," said Shylock, "how you storm! I would be friends with you, and have your love. I will forget the shames you have put upon me. I will supply your wants, and take no interest for my money." This seemingly kind offer greatly surprised Antonio; and then Shylock, still pretending kindness, and that all he did was to gain Antonio's love, again said he would lend him the three thousand ducats, and take no interest for his money; only Antonio should go with him to a lawyer, and there sign in merry sport a bond, that if he did not repay the money by a certain day, he would forfeit a pound of flesh, to be cut off from any part of his body that Shylock pleased.

"Content," said Antonio: "I will sign to this bond, and say there is much kindness in the Jew."

Bassanio said Antonio should not sign to such a bond for him; but still Antonio insisted that he would sign it, for that before the day of payment came his ships would return laden with many times the value of the money.



Shylock, hearing this debate, exclaimed, "O father Abraham, what suspicious people these Christians are! Their own hard dealings teach them to suspect the thoughts of others. I pray you tell me this, Bassanio: if he should break his day, what should I gain by the exaction of the forfeiture? A pound of man's

flesh, taken from a man, is not so estimable, nor profitable neither, as the flesh of mutton or beef. I say, to buy his favour, I offer this friendship: if he will take it, so; if not, adieu."

At last, against the advice of Bassanio, who, notwithstanding all the Jew had said of his kind intentions, did not wish that his friend should run the hazard of this shocking penalty for his sake, Antonio signed the bond, thinking it really was (as the Jew said) merely in sport.

The rich heiress that Bassanio wished to marry lived near Venice, at a place called Belmont. Her name was Portia, and in the graces of her person and her mind she was nothing inferior to that Portia of whom we read, who was Cato's daughter and the wife of Brutus.

Bassanio being so kindly supplied with money by his friend Antonio, at the hazard of his life, set out for Belmont with a splendid train, and attended by a gentleman of the name of Gratiano. There proving successful in his suit, Portia in a short time consented to accept of him for a husband.



Then Bassanio confessed to Portia that he had no fortune, and that his high birth and noble ancestry were all that he could boast of. She, who loved him for his worthy qualities, and had riches enough not to regard wealth in a husband, answered with a graceful modesty that she would wish herself a thousand times more fair, and ten thousand times more rich, to be more worthy of him; and then the accomplished Portia prettily dispraised herself, and said she was an unlesioned girl, unschooled, unpractised, yet not so old but that she could learn, and that she would commit her gentle spirit to be directed and governed by him in all things; and she said, "Myself and what is mine, to you and yours is now converted. But yesterday, Bassanio, I was the lady of this fair mansion,



queen of myself, and mistress over these servants ; and now this house, these servants, and myself are yours, my lord ; I give them with this ring," presenting a ring to Bassanio.



Bassanio was so overpowered with gratitude and wonder at the gracious manner in which the rich and noble Portia accepted of a man of his humble fortunes that he could not express his joy and reverence to the dear lady who so honoured him by anything but broken words of love and thankfulness ; and taking the ring, he vowed never to part with it.

Gratiano and Nerissa, Portia's waiting-maid, were in attendance upon their lord and lady, when Portia so gracefully promised to become the obedient wife of Bassanio ; and Gratiano, wishing Bassanio and the generous lady joy, desired permission to be married at the same time.

"With all my heart, Gratiano," said Bassanio, "if you can get a wife."

Gratiano then said that he loved the lady Portia's fair waiting gentlewoman Nerissa, and that she had promised to be his wife, if her lady married Bassanio. Portia asked Nerissa if this was true. Nerissa replied, "Madam, it is so, if you approve of it." Portia willingly consenting, Bassanio pleasantly said, "Then our wedding-feast shall be much honoured by your marriage, Gratiano."

The happiness of these lovers was sadly crossed at this moment by the entrance of a messenger, who brought a letter from Antonio containing fearful tidings. When Bassanio read Antonio's letter, Portia feared it was to tell him of the death of some dear friend, he looked so pale ; and inquiring what was the

news which had so distressed him, he said, "O sweet Portia, here are a few of the unpleasantest words that ever blotted paper. Gentle lady, when I first imparted my love to you, I freely told you all the wealth I had ran in my veins ; but I should have told you that I had less than nothing, being in debt." Bassanio then told Portia what has been here related, of his borrowing the money of Antonio, and of Antonio's procuring it of Shylock the Jew, and of the bond by which Antonio had engaged to forfeit a pound of flesh, if it was not repaid by a certain day. And then Bassanio read Antonio's letter ; the words of which were,—



*" Sweet Bassanio, my ships are all lost, my bond to the Jew is forfeited, and since in paying it is impossible I should live, I could wish to see you at my death : notwithstanding, use your pleasure ; if your love for me do not persuade you to come, let not my letter."*



"O my dear love," said Portia, "dispatch all business, and begone ; you shall have gold to pay the money twenty times over, before this kind friend shall lose a hair by my Bassanio's fault ; and as you are so dearly bought, I will dearly love you." Portia then said she would be married to Bassanio before he set out, to give him a legal right to her money. And

that same day they were married, and Gratiano was also married to Nerissa ; and Bassanio and Gratiano, the instant they were married, set out in great haste for Venice, where Bassanio found Antonio in prison.

The day of payment being past, the cruel Jew would not accept of the money which Bassanio offered him, but insisted upon having a pound of Antonio's flesh. A day was appointed to try this shocking cause before the Duke of Venice, and Bassanio awaited in dreadful suspense the event of the trial.

When Portia parted with her husband, she spoke cheerfully to him, and bade him bring his dear friend along with him when he returned. Yet she feared it would go hard with Antonio, and when she was left alone, she began to think and consider within herself if she could by any means be instrumental in saving the life of her dear Bassanio's friend ; and notwithstanding, when she wished to honour her Bassanio, she had said to him with such a meek and wife-like grace that she would submit in all things to be governed by his superior wisdom, yet being now called forth into action by the peril of her honoured husband's friend, she did nothing doubt her own powers, and, by the sole guidance of her own true and perfect judgment, at once resolved to go herself to Venice and speak in Antonio's defence.

Portia had a relation who was a counsellor in the law ; to this gentleman, whose name was Bellario, she wrote, and stating the case to him, desired his opinion, and that with his advice he would also send her the dress worn by a counsellor. When the messenger returned, he brought letters from Bellario of advice how to proceed, and also everything necessary for her equipment.

Portia dressed herself and her maid Nerissa in men's apparel, and putting on the robes of a counsellor, she took Nerissa along with her as her clerk ; and setting out immediately, they arrived at Venice on the very

day of the trial. The cause was just going to be heard before the duke and senators of Venice in the senate-house when Portia entered this high court of justice, and presented a letter from Bellario, in which that learned counsellor wrote to the duke, saying he would have come himself to plead for Antonio, but that he was prevented by sickness, and he requested that the learned young doctor Balthasar (so he called Portia) might be permitted to plead in his stead. This the duke granted, much wondering at the youthful appearance of the stranger, who was

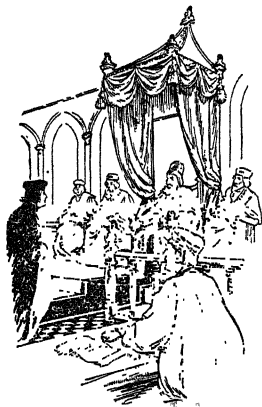


prettily disguised by her counsellor's robes and her large wig.

And now began this important trial. Portia looked around her, and she saw the merciless Jew; and she saw Bassanio, but he knew her not in her disguise. He was standing beside Antonio, in an agony of distress and fear for his friend.

The importance of the arduous task Portia had engaged in gave this tender lady courage, and she boldly proceeded in the duty she had undertaken to perform. And

first of all she addressed herself to Shylock; and allowing that he had a right by the Venetian law to have the forfeit expressed in the bond, she spoke so



sweetly of the noble quality of *mercy* as would have softened any heart but the unfeeling Shylock's, saying that it dropped as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath ; and how mercy was a double blessing, it blessed him that gave and him that received it ; and how it became monarchs better than their crowns, being an attribute of God himself ; and that earthly power came nearest to God's, in proportion as mercy tempered justice ; and she bid Shylock remember that as we all pray for mercy, that same prayer should teach us to show mercy.

Shylock, however, only answered her by desiring to have the penalty forfeited in the bond. "Is he not able to pay the money?" asked Portia. Bassanio then offered the Jew the payment of the three thousand ducats as many times over as he should desire ; which Shylock refusing, and still insisting upon having a pound of Antonio's flesh, Bassanio begged the learned young counsellor would endeavour to wrest the law a little to save Antonio's life. But Portia gravely answered that laws once established must

never be altered. Shylock hearing Portia say that the law might not be altered, it seemed to him that she was pleading in his favour, and he said, "A Daniel is come to judgment ! O wise young judge, how I do honour you ! How much elder are you than your looks !"

Portia now desired Shylock to let her look at the bond ; and when she had read it, she said, "This bond

is forfeited, and by this the Jew may lawfully claim a pound of flesh, to be by him cut off nearest Antonio's heart." Then she said to Shylock, "Be merciful :



take the money, and bid me tear the bond." But no mercy would the cruel Shylock show ; and he said, " By my soul I swear, there is no power in the tongue of man to alter me."—" Why then, Antonio," said Portia, " you must prepare your bosom for the knife." And while Shylock was sharpening a long knife with great eagerness to cut off the pound of flesh, Portia said to Antonio, " Have you anything to say ? " Antonio with a calm resignation replied that he had but little to say, for that he had prepared his mind for death. Then he said to Bassanio, " Give me your hand, Bassanio. Fare you well ! Grieve not that I am fallen into this misfortune for you. Commend me to your honourable wife, and tell her how I have loved you ! " Bassanio in the deepest affliction replied, " Antonio, I am married to a wife who is as dear to me as life itself ; but life itself, my wife, and all the-world, are not esteemed with me above your life : I would lose all, I would sacrifice all to this devil here, to deliver you."

Portia hearing this, though the kind-hearted lady was not at all offended with her husband for expressing the love he owed to so true a friend as Antonio in these strong terms, yet could not help answering, " Your wife would give you little thanks, if she were present, to hear you make this offer." And then Gratiano, who loved to copy what his lord did, thought he must make a speech like Bassanio's, and he said, in Nerissa's hearing, who was writing in her clerk's dress by the side of Portia, " I have a wife, whom I protest I love. I wish she were in heaven, if she could but entreat some power there to change the cruel temper of this currish Jew." " It is well you wish this behind her back, else you would have but an unquiet house," said Nerissa.

Shylock now cried out impatiently, " We trifle time ; I pray pronounce the sentence." And now all was awful expectation in the court, and every heart was full of grief for Antonio.

Portia asked if the scales were ready to weigh the flesh ; and she said to the Jew, " Shylock, you must have some surgeon by, lest he bleed to death." Shy-



lock, whose whole intent was that Antonio should bleed to death, said, " It is not so named in the bond." Portia replied, " It is not so named in the bond, but what of that ? It were good you did so much for charity." To this all the answer Shylock would make was, " I cannot find it ; it is not in the bond." " Then," said Portia, " a pound of Antonio's flesh is thine. The law allows it, and the court awards it. And you may cut this flesh from off his breast.

The law allows it, and the court awards it." Again Shylock exclaimed, " O wise and upright judge ! A Daniel is come to judgment ! " And then he sharpened his long knife again, and looking eagerly on Antonio, he said, " Come, prepare ! "

" Tarry a little, Jew," said Portia ; " there is something else. This bond here gives you no drop of blood ; the words expressly are, ' a pound of flesh.' If in the cutting off the pound of flesh you shed one drop of Christian blood, your lands and goods are by the law to be confiscated to the state of Venice." Now as it was utterly impossible for Shylock to cut off the pound of flesh without shedding some of Antonio's blood, this wise discovery of Portia's, that it was flesh and not blood that was named in the bond, saved the life of Antonio ; and all admiring the wonderful sagacity of the young counsellor, who had so happily thought of this expedient, plaudits resounded from every part of the senate-house, and Gratiano exclaimed, in the words which Shylock had used, " O

wise and upright judge !—Mark, Jew, a Daniel is come to judgment ! ”

Shylock, finding himself defeated in his cruel intent, said with a disappointed look that he would take the money ; and Bassanio, rejoiced beyond measure at Antonio’s unexpected deliverance, cried out, “ Here is the money ! ” But Portia stopped him, saying, “ Softly ; there is no haste ; the Jew shall have nothing but the penalty. Therefore prepare, Shylock, to cut off the flesh ; but mind you shed no blood. Nor do not cut off more nor less than just a pound : be it more or less by one poor scruple, nay if the scale turn but by the weight of a single hair, you are condemned by the laws of Venice to die, and all your wealth is forfeited to the senate.” “ Give me my money, and let me go,” said Shylock. “ I have it ready,” said Bassanio ; “ here it is.”

Shylock was going to take the money, when Portia again stopped him, saying, “ Tarry, Jew ; I have yet another hold upon you. By the laws of Venice, your wealth is forfeited to the state for having conspired against the life of one of its citizens, and your life lies at the mercy of the duke ; therefore, down on your knees, and ask him to pardon you.”

The duke then said to Shylock, “ That you may see the difference of our Christian spirit, I pardon you your life before you ask it ; half your wealth belongs to Antonio, the other half comes to the state.”

The generous Antonio then said that he would give up his share of Shylock’s wealth if Shylock would sign a deed to make it over at his death to his daughter and her husband ; for Antonio knew that the Jew had an only daughter who had lately been married against his consent to a young Christian, named Lorenzo, a friend of Antonio’s, which had so offended Shylock that he had disinherited her.

The Jew agreed to this ; and being thus disappointed in his revenge, and despoiled of his riches, he



said, "I am ill. Let me go home ; send the deed after me, and I will sign over half my riches to my daughter."—"Get thee gone, then," said the duke,



"and sign it ; and if you repent your cruelty and turn Christian, the state will forgive you the fine of the other half of your riches."

The duke now released Antonio, and dismissed the court. He then highly praised the wisdom and ingenuity of the young counsellor, and invited him home to dinner. Portia, who meant to return to Belmont before her husband, replied, "I humbly thank your grace, but I must away directly."

The duke said he was sorry he had not leisure to stay and dine with him ; and turning to Antonio, he added, "Reward this gentleman ; for in my mind you are much indebted to him."

The duke and his senators left the court ; and then Bassanio said to Portia, "Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend Antonio have by your wisdom been this day acquitted of grievous penalties, and I beg you will accept of the three thousand ducats due unto the Jew."

"And we shall stand indebted to you over and above," said Antonio, "in love and service evermore."

Portia could not be prevailed upon to accept the money ; but upon Bassanio still pressing her to accept of some reward, she said, "Give me your gloves ; I will wear them for your sake ;" and then Bassanio taking off his gloves, she espied the ring which she had given him upon his finger. Now, it was the ring the wily lady wanted to get from him to make a merry jest when she saw her Bassanio again, that made her ask him for his gloves ; and she said, when she saw the ring, "and for your love I will take this ring from

you." Bassanio was sadly distressed that the counsellor should ask him for the only thing he could not part with ; and he replied in great confusion that he could not give him that ring, because it was his wife's gift, and he had vowed never to part with it, but that he would give him the most valuable ring in Venice, and find it out by proclamation. On this Portia affected to be affronted, and left the court, saying, "You teach me, sir, how a beggar should be answered."

"Dear Bassanio," said Antonio, "let him have the ring ; let my love and the great service he has done for me be valued against your wife's displeasure." Bassanio, ashamed to appear so ungrateful, yielded, and sent Gratiano after Portia with the ring ; and then the *clerk* Nerissa, who had also given Gratiano a ring, begged his ring, and Gratiano (not choosing to be outdone in generosity by his lord) gave it to her. And there was laughing among these ladies to think, when they got home, how they would tax their husbands with giving away their rings, and swear that they had given them as a present to some woman.

Portia, when she returned, was in that happy temper of mind which never fails to attend the consciousness of having performed a good action. Her cheerful spirits enjoyed everything she saw : the moon never seemed to shine so bright before ; and when that pleasant moon was hid behind a cloud, then a light which she saw from her house at Belmont as well pleased her charmed fancy, and she said to Nerissa, "That light we see is burning in my hall : how far that little candle throws its beams, so shines a good deed in a naughty world ;" and hearing the sound of music from her house, she said, "Methinks that music sounds much sweeter than by day."

And now Portia and Nerissa entered the house, and dressing themselves in their own apparel, they awaited the arrival of their husbands, who soon followed them, with Antonio ; and Bassanio presenting his dear

friend to the lady Portia, the congratulations and welcomings of that lady were hardly over, when they perceived Nerissa and her husband quarrelling in a corner of the room. "A quarrel already?" said Portia. "What is the matter?" Gratiano replied, "Lady, it is about a paltry gilt ring that Nerissa gave me, with words upon it like the poetry on a cutler's knife: *Love me, and leave me not.*"

"What does the poetry or the value of the ring signify?" said Nerissa. "You swore to me when I gave it to you that you would keep it till the hour of death; and now you say you gave it to the lawyer's clerk. I know you gave it to a woman."—"By this hand," replied Gratiano, "I gave it to a youth, a kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy, no higher than yourself. He was clerk to the young counsellor that by his wise pleading saved Antonio's life; this prating boy begged it for a fee, and I could not for my life deny him." Portia said, "You were to blame, Gratiano, for part-



ing with your wife's first gift. I gave my lord Bassanio a ring, and I am sure he would not part with it for all the world." Gratiano, in excuse for his fault, now said, "My lord Bassanio gave his ring away to the counsellor; and then the boy, his clerk, that took some pains in writing, he begged my ring."

Portia, hearing this, seemed very angry, and reproached Bassanio for giving away her ring; and she said Nerissa had taught her what to believe, and that she knew some woman had the ring. Bassanio was very unhappy to have so offended his dear lady, and he said with great earnestness, "No, by my honour, no woman had it, but a civil doctor,

who refused three thousand ducats of me, and begged the ring, which when I denied him, he went displeased away. What could I do, sweet Portia? I was so beset with shame for my seeming ingratitude that I was forced to send the ring after him. Pardon me, good lady; had you been there, I think you would have begged the ring of me to give the worthy doctor."

"Ah!" said Antonio, "I am the unhappy cause of these quarrels."

Portia bid Antonio not to grieve at that, for that he was welcome notwithstanding; and then Antonio said, "I once did lend my body for Bassanio's sake, and but for him to whom your husband gave the ring I should have now been dead. I dare be bound again, my soul upon the forfeit, your lord will never more break his faith with you." "Then you shall be his surety," said Portia: "give him this ring, and bid him keep it better than the other."

When Bassanio looked at this ring he was strangely surprised to find it was the same he gave away; and then Portia told him how she was the young counsellor and Nerissa was her clerk, and Bassanio found, to his unspeakable wonder and delight, that it was by the noble courage and wisdom of his wife that Antonio's life was saved.

And Portia again welcomed Antonio, and gave him letters which by some chance had fallen into her hands, which contained an account of Antonio's ships, that were supposed lost, being safely arrived in the harbour. So these tragical beginnings of this rich merchant's story were all forgotten in the unexpected good fortune which ensued; and there was leisure to laugh at the comical adventure of the rings, and the husbands that did not know their own wives, Gratiano merrily declaring, in a sort of rhyming speech, that

"While he lived, he'd fear no other thing  
So sore as keeping safe Nerissa's ring."

LAUNCELOT GOBBO MAKES A CHANGE  
OF MASTERS

VENICE. A STREET

[*Enter LAUNCELOT.*]

*Laun.* Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew my master. The fiend is at mine elbow and tempts me saying to me, "Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot," or "good Gobbo," or "good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away." My conscience says "No ; take heed, honest Launcelot ; take heed, honest Gobbo," or, as afore-said, "honest Launcelot Gobbo ; do not run ; scorn running with thy heels." Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack : "Via !" says the fiend ; "away !" says the fiend ; "for the heavens, rouse up a brave mind," says the fiend, "and run." Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me, "My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son," or rather an honest woman's son ; for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste ; well, my conscience says "Launcelot, budge not." "Budge," says the fiend. "Budge not," says my conscience. "Conscience," say I, "you counsel well ;" "Fiend," say I, "you counsel well : " to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who, God bless the mark, is a kind of devil ; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly the Jew is the very devil incarnal ; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives

the more friendly counsel : I will run, fiend ; my heels are at your command ; I will run.

[*Enter OLD GOBBO, with a basket.*]

*Gob.* Master young man, you, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's ?

*Laun.* [*aside*]. O heavens, this is my true-begotten father ! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not : I will try confusions with him.

*Gob.* Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's ?

*Laun.* Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left ; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

*Gob.* By God's sonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him or no ?

*Laun.* Talk you of young Master Launcelot ? [*aside*]. Mark me now ; now will I raise the waters. Talk you of young Master Launcelot ?

*Gob.* No master, sir, but a poor man's son : his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man and, God be thanked, well to live.

*Laun.* Well, let his father be what a' will, we talk of young Master Launcelot.

*Gob.* Your worship's friend and Launcelot, sir.

*Laun.* But I pray you, ergo, old man, ergo, I beseech you, talk you of young Master Launcelot ?

*Gob.* Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

*Laun.* Ergo, Master Launcelot. Talk not of Master Launcelot, father ; for the young gentleman, according to Fates and Destinies and such odd sayings, the Sisters Three and such branches of learning, is indeed deceased, or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

*Gob.* Marry, God forbid ! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

*Laun.* Do I look like a cudgel or a hovel-post, a staff or a prop? Do you know me, father?

*Gob.* Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, God rest his soul, alive or dead?

*Laun.* Do you not know me, father?

*Gob.* Alack, sir, I am sand-blind; I know you not.

*Laun.* Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son: give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long; a man's son may, but at the length truth will out.

*Gob.* Pray you, sir, stand up: I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

*Laun.* Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing: I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

*Gob.* I cannot think you are my son.

*Laun.* I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man, and I am sure Margery your wife is my mother.

*Gob.* Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipped might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my fill-horse has on his tail.

*Laun.* It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward: I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face when I last saw him.

*Gob.* Lord, how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How 'gree you now?

*Laun.* Well, well: but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew: give him a present! give him a halter: I am famished in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my

ribs. Father, I am glad you are come : give me your present to one Master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries : if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground. O rare fortune ! here comes the man : to him, father ; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

[*Enter BASSANIO, with LEONARDO and other followers.*]

*Bass.* You may do so ; but let it be so hasted that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock. See these letters delivered ; put the liveries to making, and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging.  
[*Exit a Servant.*]

*Laun.* To him, father.

*Gob.* God bless your worship !

*Bass.* Gramercy ! wouldst thou aught with me ?

*Gob.* Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,—

*Laun.* Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man ; that would, sir, as my father shall specify—

*Gob.* He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve,—

*Laun.* Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire, as my father shall specify—

*Gob.* His master and he, saving your worship's reverence, are scarce cater-cousins—

*Laun.* To be brief, the very truth is that the Jew, having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being, I hope, an old man, shall frutify unto you—

*Gob.* I have here a dish of doves that I would bestow upon your worship, and my suit is—

*Laun.* In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man ; and, though I say it, though old man, yet poor man, my father.

*Bass.* One speak for both. What would you ?

*Laun.* Serve you, sir.

*Gob.* That is the very defect of the matter, sir



*Bass.* I know thee well ; thou hast obtain'd thy suit :  
Shylock thy master spoke with me this day,  
And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment  
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become  
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

*Lawn.* The old proverb is very well parted between  
my master Shylock and you, sir : you have the grace  
of God, sir, and he hath enough.

*Bass.* Thou speak'st it well. Go, father, with thy  
son.

Take leave of thy old master and inquire  
My lodging out. Give him a livery  
More guarded than his fellows' : see it done.

*Lawn.* Father, in. I cannot get a service, no ; I  
have ne'er a tongue in my head. Well, if any man in  
Italy have a fairer table which doth offer to swear  
upon a book, I shall have good fortune. Go to, here's  
a simple line of life : here's a small trifle of wives :  
alas, fifteen wives is nothing ! eleven widows and nine  
maids is a simple coming-in for one man : and then to  
'scape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life  
with the edge of a feather-bed ; here are simple scapes.  
Well, if Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for  
this gear. Father, come ; I'll take my leave of the  
Jew in the twinkling of an eye.



## THE TRIAL SCENE

VENICE. A COURT OF JUSTICE

[*Enter the DUKE, the Magnificoes, ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SOLANIO, SALARINO, and others.*]

*Duke.* What, is Antonio here ?

*Ant.* Ready, so please your grace.

*Duke.* I am sorry for thee : thou art come to answer  
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch  
Uncapable of pity, void and empty  
From any dram of mercy.

*Ant.* I have heard  
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify  
His rigorous course ; but since he stands obdurate,  
And that no lawful means can carry me  
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose  
My patience to his fury ; and am arm'd  
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,  
The very tyranny and rage of his.

*Duke.* Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

*Solan.* He is ready at the door ; he comes, my lord.

[*Enter SHYLOCK.*]

*Duke.* Make room, and let him stand before our face.—

Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,  
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice  
To the last hour of act ; and then 'tis thought  
Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse more strange  
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty ;  
And where thou now exact'st the penalty  
(Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh),  
Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,  
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,  
Forgive a moiety of the principal ;  
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,  
That have of late so huddl'd on his back,  
Enow to press a royal merchant down,  
And pluck commiseration of his state  
From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,  
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd  
To offices of tender courtesy.  
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

*Shy.* I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose ;  
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn  
To have the due and forfeit of my bond :  
If you deny it, let the danger light  
Upon your charter and your city's freedom.  
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have  
A weight of carrion flesh than to receive  
Three thousand ducats ? I'll not answer that ;  
But say, it is my humour : is it answer'd ?  
What if my house be troubl'd with a rat,  
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats  
To have it ban'd ? What, are you answer'd yet ?  
Some men there are love not a gaping pig ;  
Some that are mad if they behold a cat :  
As there is no firm reason to be render'd

Why he cannot abide a gaping pig ;  
Why he, a harmless necessary cat ;  
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,  
More than a lodg'd hate and a certain loathing  
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus  
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd ?

*Bass.* This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,  
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

*Shy.* I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

*Bass.* Do all men kill the things they do not love ?

*Shy.* Hates any man the thing he would not kill ?

*Bass.* Every offence is not a hate at first.

*Shy.* What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee  
twice ?

*Ant.* I pray you, think you question with the Jew :  
You may as well go stand upon the beach,  
And bid the main flood bate his usual height ;  
You may as well use question with the wolf,  
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb ;  
You may as well forbid the mountain pines  
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,  
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven ;  
You may as well do anything most hard,  
As seek to soften that (than which what's harder ?)  
His Jewish heart. Therefore, I do beseech you,  
Make no more offers, use no further means,  
But, with all brief and plain conveniency,  
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

*Bass.* For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

*Shy.* If every ducat in six thousand ducats  
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,  
I would not draw them,—I would have my bond.

*Duke.* Howshalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none ?

*Shy.* What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong ?  
You have among you many a purchas'd slave,  
Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules,  
You use in abject and in slavish parts,  
Because you bought them :—shall I say to you,

Let them be free, marry them to your heirs ?  
 Why sweat they under burdens ? let their beds  
 Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates  
 Be season'd with such viands ? You will answer,  
 " The slaves are ours : " so do I answer you.  
 The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,  
 Is dearly bought ; 'tis mine, and I will have it.  
 If you deny me, fie upon your law !  
 There is no force in the decrees of Venice.

I stand for judgment : answer,—shall I have it ?

*Duke.* Upon my power, I may dismiss this court  
 Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,  
 Whom I have sent for to determine this,  
 Come here to-day.

*Solan.* My lord, here stays without  
 A messenger with letters from the doctor,  
 New come from Padua.

*Duke.* Bring us the letters ; call the messenger.



*Bass.* Good cheer, Antonio !

What, man, courage yet !  
 The Jew shall have my flesh,  
 blood, bones, and all,  
 Ere thou shalt lose for me one  
 drop of blood.

*Ant.* I am a tainted wether of  
 the flock,  
 Meetest for death : the weakest  
 kind of fruit  
 Drops earliest to the ground ;  
 and so let me.  
 You cannot better be employ'd,  
 Bassanio,

Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

[*Enter NERISSA, dressed like a lawyer's clerk.*]

*Duke.* Came you from Padua, from Bellario ?

*Ner.* From both, my lord. Bellario greets your  
 grace.

[*Presents a letter.*]

*Bass.* Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly ?

*Shy.* To cut the forfeit from that bankrupt there.

*Gra.* Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,  
Thou mak'st thy knife keen ; but no metal can,  
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness  
Of thy sharp envy ? Can no prayers pierce thee ?

*Shy.* No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

*Gra.* Oh, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog !

And for thy life let justice be accus'd.

Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,

To hold opinion with Pythagoras,

That souls of animals infuse themselves

Into the trunks of men : thy currish spirit

Govern'd a wolf who, hang'd for human slaughter,

Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,

And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,

Infus'd itself in thee ; for thy desires

Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

*Shy.* Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,

Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud :

Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall

To cureless ruin.—I stand here for law.

*Duke.* This letter from Bellario doth commend

A young and learned doctor to our court.—

Where is he ?

*Ner.* He attendeth here hard by,

To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

*Duke.* With all my heart.—Some three or four of  
you

Go give him courteous conduct to this place.—

Meantime the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

*Clerk* [*Reads*]. " Your grace shall understand that at the receipt of your letter I am very sick : but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome ; his name is Balthasar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant. We turned o'er many books together : he is furnished

with my opinion ; which, bettered with his own learning (the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend), comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation ; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation."

*Duke.* You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes : And here, I take it, is the doctor come.

[*Enter PORTIA, dressed like a doctor of laws.*]

Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario ?

*Por.* I did, my lord.

*Duke.* You are welcome : take your place.

Are you acquainted with the difference  
That holds this present question in the court ?

*Por.* I am informed throughly of the cause.

Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew ?

*Duke.* Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

*Por.* Is your name Shylock ?

*Shy.* Shylock is my name.

*Por.* Of a strange nature is the suit you follow  
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law  
Cannot impugn you as you do proceed.—  
You stand within his danger, do you not ?

[*To ANTONIO.*]

*Ant.* Ay, so he says.

*Por.* Do you confess the bond ?

*Ant.* I do.

*Por.* Then must the Jew be merciful.

*Shy.* On what compulsion must I ? Tell me that.

*Por.* The quality of mercy is not strain'd,—  
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath : it is twice blest,—  
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes :  
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest : it becomes

The throned monarch better than his crown ;  
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,  
The attribute to awe and majesty,  
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;  
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,—  
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,  
It is an attribute to God himself ;  
And earthly power doth then show likest God's  
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,  
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—  
That, in the course of justice, none of us  
Should see salvation : we do pray for mercy ;  
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render  
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much  
To mitigate the justice of thy plea ;  
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice  
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

*Shy.* My deeds upon my head ! I crave the law,  
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

*Por.* Is he not able to discharge the money ?

*Bass.* Yes, here I tender it for him in the court ;  
Yea, thrice the sum. If that  
will not suffice,

I will be bound to pay it ten  
times o'er,

On forfeit of my hands, my  
head, my heart.

If this will not suffice, it must  
appear

That malice bears down truth.

And I beseech you,  
Wrest once the law to your  
authority :

To do a great right, do a little wrong ;  
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

*Por.* It must not be ; there is no power in Venice  
Can alter a decree established :  
'Twill be recorded for a precedent ;





And many an error, by the same example,  
Will rush into the state : it cannot be.

*Shy.* A Daniel come to judgment ! yea, a Daniel !—  
O wise young judge, how I do honour thee !

*Por.* I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

*Shy.* Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

*Por.* Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd  
thee.

*Shy.* An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven :  
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul ?  
No, not for Venice.

*Por.* Why, this bond is forfeit ;  
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim  
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off  
Nearest the merchant's heart.—Be merciful :  
Take thrice thy money ; bid me tear the bond.

*Shy.* When it is paid according to the tenour.—  
It doth appear you are a worthy judge ;  
You know the law, your exposition  
Hath been most sound : I charge you by the law,  
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,  
Proceed to judgment : by my soul I swear  
There is no power in the tongue of man  
To alter me : I stay here on my bond.

*Ant.* Most heartily I do beseech the court  
To give the judgment.

*Por.* Why then, thus it is :—  
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

*Shy.* O noble judge ! O excellent young man !

*Por.* For the intent and purpose of the law  
Hath full relation to the penalty,  
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

*Shy.* 'Tis very true : O wise and upright judge !  
How much more elder art thou than thy looks !

*Por.* Therefore lay bare your bosom.

*Shy.* Ay, his breast :  
So says the bond—doth it not, noble judge ?—  
“ Nearest his heart : ” those are the very words.

*Por.* It is so. Are there balance here to weigh  
The flesh ?

*Shy.* I have them ready.

*Por.* Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your  
charge,

To stop his wounds, lest he  
do bleed to death.

*Shy.* Is it so nominated  
in the bond ?

*Por.* It is not so express'd ; but what of  
that ?

'Twere good you do so  
much for charity.

*Shy.* I cannot find it ;  
'tis not in the bond.

*Por.* Come, merchant, have you any thing to say ?

*Ant.* But little : I am arm'd and well prepar'd.—

Give me your hand, Bassanio : fare you well !

Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you ;

For herein Fortune shows herself more kind

Than is her custom : it is still her use

To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,

To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow

An age of poverty ; from which lingering penance

Of such misery doth she cut me off.

Commend me to your honourable wife :

Tell her the process of Antonio's end ;

Say how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death ;

And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge

Whether Bassanio had not once a love.

Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,

And he repents not that he pays your debt ;

For if the Jew do cut but deep enough,

I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

*Bass.* Antonio, I am married to a wife

Which is as dear to me as life itself ;



But life itself, my wife, and all the world,  
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life :  
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all  
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

*Por.* Your wife would give you little thanks for that,  
If she were by, to hear you make the offer

*Gra.* I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love :  
I would she were in heaven, so she could  
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

*Ner.* 'Tis well you offer it behind her back ;  
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

*Shy.* These be the Christian husbands ! I have a  
daughter,—  
Would any of the stock of Barrabás  
Had been her husband rather than a Christian !—  
[*Aside.*

We trifle time : I pray thee, pursue sentence.

*Por.* A pound of that same merchant's flesh is  
thine :

The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

*Shy.* Most rightful judge !

*Por.* And you must cut this flesh from off his breast :  
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

*Shy.* Most learned judge !—A sentence !—Come,  
prepare !

*Por.* Tarry a little ; there is something else.  
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood,—  
The words expressly are, " a pound of flesh : "  
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh ;  
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed  
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods  
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate  
Unto the state of Venice.

*Gra.* O upright judge !—Mark, Jew • O learned  
judge !

*Shy.* Is that the law ?

*Por.* Thyself shalt see the act .  
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd

Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.

*Gra.* O learned judge!—Mark, Jew : a learned judge!

*Shy.* I take this offer then ;—pay the bond thrice,  
And let the Christian go.

*Bass.* Here is the money.

*Por.* Soft !

The Jew shall have all justice ;—soft ! no haste :—  
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

*Gra.* O Jew ! an upright judge, a learned judge !

*Por.* Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.

Shed thou no blood ; nor cut thou less nor more

But just a pound of flesh : if thou tak'st more

Or less than a just pound,—be it but so much

As makes it light or heavy in the substance

Or the division of the twentieth part

Of one poor scruple, nay, if the scale do turn

But in the estimation of a hair,—

Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

*Gra.* A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew !

Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

*Por.* Why doth the Jew pause ? take thy forfeiture.

*Shy.* Give me my principal, and let me go.

*Bass.* I have it ready for thee ; here it is.

*Por.* He hath refus'd it in the open court :

He shall have merely justice and his bond.

*Gra.* A Daniel, still say I, a second Daniel !—

I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

*Shy.* Shall I not have barely my principal ?

*Por.* Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,  
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

*Shy.* Why, then the devil give him good of it !  
I'll stay no longer question.

*Por.* Tarry, Jew :

The law hath yet another hold on you.

It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—

If it be proved against an alien

That by direct or indirect attempts

He seek the life of any citizen,  
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive  
Shall seize one half his goods ; the other half  
Comes to the privy coffer of the state ;  
And the offender's life lies in the mercy  
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.  
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st ;  
For it appears, by manifest proceeding,  
That indirectly, and directly too,  
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life  
Of the defendant ; and thou hast incurr'd  
The danger formally by me rehears'd.  
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

*Gra.* Beg that thou may'st have leave to hang thyself :

And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,  
Thou hast not left the value of a cord ;  
Therefore thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

*Duke.* That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,

I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it.

For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's ;  
The other half comes to the general state,  
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

*Por.* Ay, for the state,—not for Antonio.

*Shy.* Nay, take my life and all ; pardon not that :  
You take my house when you do take the prop  
That doth sustain my house ; you take my life  
When you do take the means whereby I live.

*Por.* What mercy can you render him, Antonio ?

*Gra.* A halter gratis ; nothing else, for God's sake.

*Ant.* So please my lord the duke and all the court  
To quit the fine for one half of his goods,  
I am content ; so he will let me have  
The other half in use, to render it,  
Upon his death, unto the gentleman  
That lately stole his daughter :  
Two things provided more,—that, for this favour:

He presently become a Christian ;  
The other, that he do record a gift,  
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,  
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

*Duke.* He shall do this, or else I do recant  
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

*Por.* Art thou contented, Jew ? what dost thou  
say ?

*Shy.* I am content.

*Por.* Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

*Shy.* I pray you, give me leave to go from hence ;  
I am not well : send the deed after me,  
And I will sign it.

*Duke.* Get thee gone, but do it.

*Gra.* In christening shalt thou have two godfathers :  
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,  
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[*Exit SHYLOCK.*]

*Duke.* Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

*Por.* I humbly do desire your grace of pardon :  
I must away this night toward Padua,  
And it is meet I presently set forth.

*Duke.* I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.—  
Antonio, gratify this gentleman,  
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

## JESSICA'S ELOPEMENT

### BEFORE SHYLOCK'S HOUSE

[*Enter SHYLOCK and LAUNCELOT.*]

*Shy.* Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy  
judge,  
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio :—  
What, Jessica !—thou shalt not gormandise,  
As thou hast done with me :—What, Jessica !—

And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out ;—

Why, Jessica, I say !

Laur.

Why, Jessica !

*Shy.* Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

*Laur.* Your worship was wont to tell me that I could do nothing without bidding.

[Enter JESSICA.]

*Jes.* Call you? what is your will?

*Shy.* I am bid forth to supper, Jessica :

There are my keys. But wherefore should I go ?

I am not bid for love; they flatter me:

But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon

The prodigal Christian. Jessica, my girl,

Look to my house. I am right loath to go :

There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,

For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

*Laun.* I beseech you, sir, go: my young master doth expect your reproach.

*Shy.* So do I his.

*Laun.* And they have conspired together, I will not say you shall see a masque ; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a-bleeding on Black-Monday last at six o'clock i' the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year, in the afternoon.

*Shy.* What, are there masques? Hear you me,  
Jessica :

Lock up my doors ; and when you hear the drum

And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife,

Clamber not you up to the casements then,

Nor thrust your head into the public street

To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces,

But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements :

Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter

My sober house. By Jacob's staff, I swear.

I have no mind of feasting forth to-night :

But I will go. Go you before me, sirrah ;  
Say I will come.

*Lawn.* I will go before, sir. Mistress, look out at window, for all this ;

There will come a Christian by,  
Will be worth a Jewess' eye.

[*Exit.*

*Shy.* What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha ?

*Jes.* His words were " Farewell, mistress " ; nothing else.

*Shy.* The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder ;  
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day  
More than the wild-cat : drones hive not with me ;  
Therefore I part with him, and part with him  
To one that I would have him help to waste  
His borrow'd purse. Well, Jessica, go in :  
Perhaps I will return immediately :  
Do as I bid you ; shut doors after you :  
Fast bind, fast find ;

A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*

*Jes.* Farewell ; and if my fortune be not crost,  
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [*Exit.*

\* \* \* \* \*

[*Enter GRATIANO and SALARINO, masqued.*]

*Gra.* This is the pent-house under which Lorenzo  
Desired us to make stand.

*Salar.* His hour is almost past.

*Gra.* And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,  
For lovers ever run before the clock.

*Salar.* O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly  
To seal love's bonds new-made, than they are wont  
To keep obliged faith unforfeited !

*Gra.* That ever holds : who riseth from a feast  
With that keen appetite that he sits down ?  
Where is the horse that doth untread again  
His tedious measures with the unbated fire



That he did pace them first? All things that are,  
 Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.  
 How like a younker or a prodigal  
 The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,  
 Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!  
 How like the prodigal doth she return,  
 With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails,  
 Lean, rent and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

*Salar.* Here comes Lorenzo: more of this hereafter.

[*Enter LORENZO.*]

*Lor.* Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;  
 Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait:  
 When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,  
 I'll watch as long for you then. Approach;  
 Here dwells my father Jew. Ho! who's within?

[*Enter JESSICA, above, in boy's clothes.*]

*Jes.* Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,  
 Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

*Lor.* Lorenzo, and thy love.

*Jes.* Lorenzo, certain, and my love indeed,  
 For who love I so much? And now who knows  
 But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

*Lor.* Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that thou  
 art.

*Jes.* Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains.  
 I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,  
 For I am much ashamed of my exchange:  
 But love is blind and lovers cannot see  
 The pretty follies that themselves commit;  
 For if they could, Cupid himself would blush  
 To see me thus transformed to a boy.

*Lor.* Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

*Jes.* What, must I hold a candle to my shames?  
 They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.  
 Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love;  
 And I should be obscured.

*Lor.* So are you, sweet,  
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.  
But come at once ;

For the close night doth play the runaway.  
And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.

*Jes.* I will make fast the doors, and gild myself  
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.

*[Exit above.]*

*Gra.* Now, by my hood, a Gentile and no Jew.

*Lor.* Beshrew me but I love her heartily ;  
For she is wise, if I can judge of her,  
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true,  
And true she is, as she hath proved herself,  
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair and true,  
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

*[Enter JESSICA, below.]*

What, art thou come ? On, gentlemen ; away !  
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.

*[Exit with JESSICA and SALARINO.]*

*[Enter ANTONIO.]*

*Ant.* Who's there ?

*Gra.* Signior Antonio !

*Ant.* Fie, fie, Gratiano ! where are all the rest ?  
'Tis nine o'clock : our friends all stay for you.  
No masque to-night : the wind is come about ;  
Bassanio presently will go aboard :  
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

*Gra.* I am glad on't : I desire no more delight  
Than to be under sail and gone to-night.

## RICHARD THE SECOND

IN his *Tragedy of Richard II.* Shakespeare draws upon Holinshed, and tells the story of the way in which Richard was deposed and supplanted by Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Hereford, and afterward of Lancaster, who became king as Henry IV. There is a famous tournament scene in the beginning of the play in which Bolingbroke and the Duke of Norfolk are combatants, for reasons which your history book will reveal. Shakespeare's history book—namely, Holinshed's *Chronicle*—gave him the story as follows :—

“ At the time appointed the king came to Coventry where the two dukes were ready, according to the order prescribed therein ; coming thither in great array, accompanied with the lords and gentlemen of their lineages. The king caused a sumptuous scaffold or theatre and royal lists there to be erected and prepared. The Sunday before they should fight, after dinner, the Duke of Hereford came to the king (being lodged about a quarter of a mile without the town, in a tower that belonged to Sir William Bagot) to take his leave of him. The morrow after, before the day appointed for the combat, about the spring of the day, came the Duke of Norfolk to the court to take leave likewise of the king. The Duke of Hereford armed him in his tent that was set up near to the lists : and the Duke of Norfolk put on his armour betwixt the gate and the barrier of the town in a beautiful house,

having a fair perclois of wood towards the gate that none might see what was done within the house.

“The Duke of Aumerle that day being High Constable of England and the Duke of Surrey Marshal, placed themselves betwixt them well armed and appointed, and when they saw their time they first entered into the lists with a great company of men apparelled in silk sendall, embroidered with silver, both richly and curiously, every man having a tipped staff to keep the field in order. About the hour of Prime came to the barriers of the lists the Duke of Hereford, mounted on a white courser, barded with green and blue velvet embroidered sumptuously with swans and antelopes of goldsmith’s work, armed at all points. The Constable and Marshal came to the barriers, demanding of him what he was ; he answered, ‘I am Henry of Lancaster, Duke of Hereford, which am come hither to do my devoir against Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, as a traitor untrue to God, the king, his realm, and me.’ Then incontinently he sware upon the Holy Evangelists, that his quarrel was true and just, and upon that point he required to enter the lists.

“Then he put up his sword, which before he held naked in his hand, and putting down his visor, made a cross on his horse, and with spear in hand entered into the lists and descended from his horse and set him down in a chair of green velvet, at the one end of the lists, and there reposed himself abiding the coming of his adversary. Soon after him entered into the field with great triumph, King Richard, accompanied with all the peers of the realm, and in his company was the Earl of St. Paul which was come out of France in post to see this challenge performed. The king had there above ten thousand men in armour lest some fray of tumult might rise amongst his nobles, by quarrelling or partaking. When the king was set in his seat, which was richly hanged and adorned, a king-at-arms

made open proclamation, prohibiting all men in the name of the king, and of the High Constable and Marshal to touch any part of the lists upon pain of death except such as were appointed to order or marshall the field.

"The proclamation ended, another herald cried, 'Behold here Henry of Lancaster, Duke of Hereford, appellant, which is entered into the lists royal to do his devoir against Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, defendant, upon pain to be found false and recreant.'

"The Duke of Norfolk hovered on horseback at the entry of the lists, his horse being barded with crimson velvet, embroidered richly with lions of silver and mulberry trees, and when he had made his oath before the Constable and Marshal that his quarrel was just and true, he entered the field manfully, saying aloud, 'God aid him that hath the right,' and then he departed from his horse, and sat him down in his chair which was crimson velvet, curtained about with white and red damask.

"The Lord Marshal viewed their spears to see that they were of equal length, and delivered the one spear himself to the Duke of Hereford, and sent the other unto the Duke of Norfolk by a knight. Then the herald proclaimed that the traverses and chairs of the champions should be removed, commanding them on the king's behalf to mount on horseback and address themselves to the battle and combat.

"The Duke of Hereford was quickly horsed, and closed his beaver, and cast his spear into the rest, and when the trumpet sounded set forth courageously towards his enemy six or seven paces. The Duke of Norfolk was not fully set forward, when the king cast down his warder, and the heralds cried, 'Ho! Ho!' Then the king caused their spears to be taken from them and commanded them to repair again to their chairs, where they remained two long hours, while the

king and his council deliberately consulted what order was best to be had in so weighty a cause.

“ Finally, after they had devised and fully determined what should be done therein the heralds cried silence, and Sir John Bushy the king’s secretary read the sentences and determination of the king and his council, in a long roll, the effect whereof was that Henry, Duke of Hereford, should within fifteen days depart out of the realm, and not to return before the term of ten years were expired except by the king he should be repealed again, and this upon pain of death ; and that Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, because he had sown sedition in the realm by his words should likewise avoid the realm, and never to return again into England, nor approach the borders or confines thereof, upon pain of death, and that the king would stay the profits of his lands, till he had levied thereof such sums of money as the duke had taken up of the king’s treasurer for the wages of the garrison of Calais.”

## THE DEATH OF GAUNT

## ELY HOUSE

[*Enter JOHN OF GAUNT sick, with the  
DUKE OF YORK, etc.*]

*Gaunt.* Will the king come, that I may breathe my last

In wholesome counsel to his unstaid youth ?

*York.* Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath ;

For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

*Gaunt.* O, but they say the tongues of dying men  
Enforce attention like deep harmony :

Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain,  
For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.

He that no more must say is listen'd more

Than they whom youth and ease have taught to  
glose ;

More are men's ends mark'd than their lives before :

The setting sun, and music at the close,  
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,  
Writ in remembrance more than things long past :  
Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,  
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

*York.* No ; it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds,  
As praises, of whose taste the wise are fond,  
Lascivious metres, to whose venom sound  
The open ear of youth doth always listen ;  
Report of fashions in proud Italy,  
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation  
Limps after in base imitation.

Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity—

So it be new, there's no respect how vile—

That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears ?

Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,

Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.

Direct not him whose way himself will choose ;

'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

*Gaunt.* Methinks I am a prophet new inspired

And thus expiring do foretell of him :

His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,

For violent fires soon burn out themselves ;

Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short ;

He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes ;

With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder :

Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,

Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.

This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,

This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,

This other Eden, demi-paradise,

This fortress built by Nature for herself

Against infection and the hand of war,

This happy breed of men, this little world

This precious stone set in the silver sea,  
Which serves it in the office of a wall  
Or as a moat defensive to a house,  
Against the envy of less happier lands,  
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,  
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,  
Fear'd by their breed and famous by their birth,  
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,  
For Christian service and true chivalry,  
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry  
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son,  
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,  
Dear for her reputation through the world,  
Is now leased out, I die pronouncing it,  
Like to a tenement or pelting farm :  
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,  
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege  
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,  
With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds :  
That England, that was wont to conquer others,  
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.  
Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life,  
How happy then were my ensuing death !

[*Enter KING RICHARD and QUEEN, AUMERLE, BUSHY, GREEN, BAGOT, ROSS, and WILLOUGHBY.*]

*York.* The king is come : deal mildly with his youth ;  
For young hot colts being raged do rage the more.

*Queen.* How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster ?

*K. Rich.* What comfort, man ? how is't with aged Gaunt ?

*Gaunt.* O, how that name befits my composition !  
Old Gaunt indeed, and gaunt in being old :  
Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast ;  
And who abstains from meat that is not gaunt ?  
For sleeping England long time have I watch'd ;  
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt :  
The pleasure that some fathers feed upon,



Is my strict fast ; I mean, my children's looks ;  
 And therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt :  
 Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,  
 Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

*K. Rich.* Can sick men play so nicely with their names ?

*Gaunt.* No, misery makes sport to mock itself :  
 Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,  
 I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

*K. Rich.* Should dying men flatter with those that live ?

*Gaunt.* No, no, men living flatter those that die.

*K. Rich.* Thou, now a-dying, say'st thou flatterest me.

*Gaunt.* O, no ! thou diest, though I the sicker be.

*K. Rich.* I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.

*Gaunt.* Now He that made me knows I see thee ill ;  
 Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.

Thy death-bed is no lesser than thy land

Wherein thou liest in reputation sick ;

And thou, too careless patient as thou art,

Commit'st thy anointed body to the cure

Of those physicians that first wounded thee :

A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,

Whose compass is no bigger than thy head ;

And yet, incaged in so small a verge,

The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.

O, had thy grandsire with a prophet's eye

Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,

From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,

Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,

Which art possess'd now to depose thyself.

Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,

It were a shame to let this land by lease ;

But for thy world enjoying but this land,

Is it not more than shame to shame it so ?

Landlord of England art thou now, not king :

Thy state of law is bondsman to the law ;

And thou—

## THE DEATH OF RICHARD

III

*K. Rich.* A lunatic lean-witted fool,  
Presuming on an ague's privilege,  
Darest with thy frozen admonition  
Make pale our cheek, chasing the royal blood  
With fury from his native residence.  
Now, by my seat's right royal majesty,  
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,  
This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head  
Should run thy head from thy unreverent shoulders.

*Gaunt.* O, spare me not, my brother Edward's son,  
For that I was his father Edward's son ;  
That blood already, like the pelican,  
Hast thou tapp'd out and drunkenly caroused :  
My brother Gloucester, plain well-meaning soul,  
Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy souls !  
May be a precedent and witness good  
That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood :  
Join with the present sickness that I have ;  
And thy unkindness be like crooked age,  
To crop at once a too long wither'd flower.  
Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee !  
These words hereafter thy tormentors be !  
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave :  
Love they to live that love and honour have.

## THE DEATH OF RICHARD

### A DUNGEON IN POMFRET CASTLE

[*Enter KING RICHARD.*]

*K. Rich.* I have been studying how I may compare  
This prison where I live unto the world :  
And for because the world is populous  
And here is not a creature but myself

I cannot do it ; yet I'll hammer it out.  
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul,  
My soul the father ; and these two beget  
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,  
And these same thoughts people this little world,  
In humours like the people of this world,  
For no thought is contented. The better sort,  
As thoughts of things divine, are intermix'd  
With scruples and do set the word itself  
Against the word :  
As thus, " Come, little ones," and then again,  
" It is as hard to come as for a camel  
To thread the postern of a small needle's eye."  
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot  
Unlikely wonders ; how these vain weak nails  
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs  
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls,  
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.  
Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves  
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,  
Nor shall not be the last ; like silly beggars  
Who sitting in the stocks refuge their shame,  
That many have and others must sit there ;  
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,  
Bearing their own misfortunes on the back  
Of such as have before endured the like.  
Thus play I in one person many people,  
And none contented : sometimes am I king ;  
Then treasons make me wish myself a beggar,  
And so I am : then crushing penury  
Persuades me I was better when a king ;  
Then am I king'd again : and by and by  
Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,  
And straight am nothing : but whate'er I be,  
Nor I nor any man that but man is  
With nothing shall be pleased, till he be eased  
With being nothing. Music do I hear ? [Music.  
Ha, ha ! keep time : how sour sweet music is,

When time is broke and no proportion kept !  
So is it in the music of men's lives.  
And here have I the daintiness of ear  
To check time broke in a disorder'd string ;  
But for the concord of my state and time  
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.  
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me ;  
For now hath time made me his numbering clock :  
My thoughts are minutes ; and with sighs they jar  
Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward watch,  
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,  
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.  
Now sir, the sound that tells what hour it is  
Are clamorous groans, which strike upon my heart,  
Which is the bell : so sighs and tears and groans  
Show minutes, times, and hours : but my time  
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,  
While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock.  
This music mads me ; let it sound no more ;  
For though it have help madmen to their wits,  
In me it seems it will make wise men mad.  
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me !  
For 'tis a sign of love : and love to Richard  
Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.

[*Enter a GROOM of the Stable.*]

*Groom.* Hail, royal prince !

*K. Rich.*

Thanks, noble peer ;

The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.  
What art thou ? and how comest thou hither,  
Where no man never comes but that sad dog  
That brings me food to make misfortune live ?

*Groom.* I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,  
When thou wert king ; who, travelling towards York,  
With much ado at length have gotten leave  
To look upon my sometimes royal master's face.  
O, how it yearn'd my heart when I beheld  
In London streets, that coronation-day,

When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary,  
That horse that thou so often hast bestrid,  
That horse that I so carefully have dress'd !

*K. Rich.* Rode he on Barbary ? Tell me, gentle friend,

How went he under him ?

*Groom.* So proudly as if he disdain'd the ground.

*K. Rich.* So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back !  
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand ;  
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.  
Would he not stumble ? would he not fall down,  
Since pride must have a fall, and break the neck  
Of that proud man that did usurp his back ?  
Forgiveness, horse ! why do I rail on thee,  
Since thou, created to be awed by man,  
Wast born to bear ? I was not made a horse ;  
And yet I bear a burthen like an ass,  
Spurr'd, gall'd and tired by jauncing Bolingbroke.

[*Enter KEEPER, with a dish.*]

*Keep.* Fellow, give place ; here is no longer stay.

*K. Rich.* If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

*Groom.* What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say. [Exit.]

*Keep.* My lord, will't please you to fall to ?

*K. Rich.* Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.

*Keep.* My lord, I dare not : Sir Pierce of Exton, who lately came from the king, commands the contrary.

*K. Rich.* The devil take Henry of Lancaster and thee !

Patience is stale, and I am weary of it. [*Beats the keeper.*]

*Keep.* Help, help, help !

[*Enter EXTON and Servants, armed.*]

*K. Rich.* How now ! what means death in this rude assault ?

Villain, thy own hand yields thy death's instrument.

[*Snatching an axe from a Servant and killing him.*]

Go thou, and fill another room in hell.

*[He kills another. Then EXTON strikes him down.*  
That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire  
That staggers thus my person. Exton, thy fierce hand  
Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land.  
Mount, mount, my soul ! thy seat is up on high ;  
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die.

*[Dies.*

*Exton.* As full of valour as of royal blood :  
Both have I spill'd ; O would the deed were good !  
For now the devil, that told me I did well,  
Says that this deed is chronicled in hell.  
This dead king to the living king I'll bear :  
Take hence the rest, and give them burial here.

## AS YOU LIKE IT

DURING the time that France was divided into provinces (or dukedoms as they were called) there reigned in one of these provinces a usurper, who had deposed and banished his elder brother, the lawful duke.

The duke who was thus driven from his dominions retired with a few faithful followers to the forest of Arden, and here the good duke lived with his loving



friends, who had put themselves into a voluntary exile for his sake, while their lands and revenues enriched the false usurper; and custom soon made the life of careless ease they led here more sweet to them than the pomp and uneasy splendour of a courtier's life. Here they lived like the old Robin Hood of England, and to this forest many noble youths daily resorted from the court, and did fleet the time carelessly, as they did who lived in the Golden Age. In the summer they lay along under the fine shade of the large forest trees, marking the playful sports of the wild deer; and so fond were they of these poor dappled fools, who seemed to be the native inhabitants of the forest, that it grieved

them to be forced to kill them to supply themselves with venison for their food. When the cold winds of winter made the duke feel the change of his adverse fortune, he would endure it patiently, and say, "These chilling winds which blow upon my body are

true counsellors ; they do not flatter, but represent truly to me my condition ; and though they bite sharply, their tooth is nothing like so keen as that of unkindness and ingratitude. I find that howsoever men speak against adversity, yet some sweet uses are to be extracted from it ; like the jewel, precious for medicine, which is taken from the head of the venomous and despised toad."

In this manner did the patient duke draw a useful moral from everything that he saw ; and by the help of this moralizing turn, in that life of his, remote from public haunts, he could find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything.

The banished duke had an only daughter, named Rosalind, whom the usurper, Duke Frederick, when he banished her father, still retained in his court as a companion for his own daughter Celia. A strict friendship subsisted between these ladies, which the disagreement between their fathers did not in the least interrupt, Celia striving by every kindness in her power to make amends to Rosalind for the injustice of her own father in deposing the father of Rosalind ; and whenever the thoughts of her father's banishment and her own dependence on the false usurper made Rosalind melancholy, Celia's whole care was to comfort and console her.



One day, when Celia was talking in her usual kind manner to Rosalind, saying, " I pray you, Rosalind, my sweet cousin, be merry," a messenger entered from the duke, to tell them that if they wished to see a



wrestling match, which was just going to begin, they must come instantly to the court before the palace ; and Celia, thinking it would amuse Rosalind, agreed to go and see it.

In those times wrestling was a favourite sport even in the courts of princes, and before fair ladies and princesses. To this wrestling match therefore Celia and Rosalind went. They found that it was likely to prove a very tragical sight ; for a large and powerful man, who had been long practised in the art of wrestling, and had slain many men in contests of this kind, was just going to wrestle with a very young man, who, from his extreme youth and inexperience in the art, the beholders all thought would certainly be killed.

✕When the duke saw Celia and Rosalind he said, "How now, daughter and niece, are you crept hither to see the wrestling? You will take little delight in it, there is such odds in the men : in pity to this young man, I would wish to persuade him from wrestling. Speak to him, ladies, and see if you can move him."

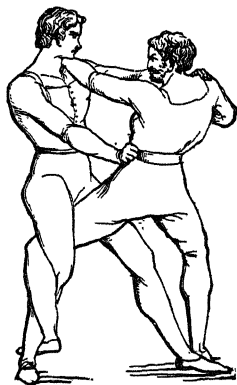


The ladies were well pleased to perform this humane office, and first Celia entreated the young stranger that he would desist from the attempt ; and then Rosalind spoke so kindly to him, and with such feeling consideration for the danger he was about to undergo,

that, instead of being persuaded by her gentle words to forego his purpose, all his thoughts were bent to distinguish himself by his courage in this lovely lady's eyes. He refused the request of Celia and Rosalind

in such graceful and modest words that they felt still more concern for him. He concluded his refusal with saying, "I am sorry to deny such fair and excellent ladies anything; but let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial, wherein if I be conquered, there is one shamed that was never gracious; if I am killed, there is one dead that is willing to die. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing, for I only fill up a place in the world which may be better supplied when I have made it empty."

And now the wrestling match began. Celia wished the young stranger might not be hurt, but Rosalind felt most for him. The friendless state which he said he was in, and that he wished to die, made Rosalind think that he was like herself, unfortunate; and she pitied him so much, and so deep an interest she took in his danger while he was wrestling, that she might almost be said at that moment to have fallen in love with him.



The kindness shown this unknown youth by these fair and noble ladies gave him courage and strength, so that he performed wonders, and in the end completely conquered his antagonist, who was so much hurt that for a while he was unable to speak or move.

The Duke Frederick was much pleased with the courage and skill shown by this young stranger, and desired to know his name and parentage, meaning to take him under his protection.

The stranger said his name was Orlando, and that he was the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.

Sir Rowland de Boys, the father of Orlando, had been dead some years, but when he was living he had been a true subject and dear friend of the banished duke; therefore, when Frederick heard Orlando was the son of his banished brother's friend, all his liking for this brave young man was changed into displeasure, and he left the place in very ill humour. Hating to hear the very name of any of his brother's friends, and yet still admiring the valour of the youth, he said, as he went out, that he wished Orlando had been the son of any other man.

Rosalind was delighted to hear that her new favourite

was the son of her father's old friend, and she said to Celia, "My father loved Sir Rowland de Boys; and if I had known this young man was his son, I would have added tears to my entreaties before he should have ventured."



The ladies then went up to him, and, seeing him abashed by the sudden displeasure shown by the duke, they spoke kind and encouraging words to him; and Rosalind, when they were going away, turned back to speak some more civil things to the brave young son

of her father's old friend, and, taking a chain from off her neck, she said, "Gentleman, wear this for me. I am out of suits with fortune, or I would give you a more valuable present."

When the ladies were alone, Rosalind's talk being

still of Orlando, Celia began to perceive her cousin had fallen in love with the handsome young wrestler, and she said to Rosalind, "Is it possible you should fall in love so suddenly?" Rosalind replied, "The duke, my father, loved his father dearly." "But," said Celia, "does it therefore follow that you should love his son dearly? for then I ought to hate him, for my father hated his father, yet I do not hate Orlando."

Frederick being enraged at the sight of Sir Rowland de Boys' son, which reminded him of the many friends the banished duke had among the nobility, and having been for some time displeased with his niece, because the people praised her for her virtues and pitied her for her good father's sake, his malice suddenly broke out against her, and while Celia and Rosalind were talking of Orlando, Frederick entered the room and, with looks full of anger, ordered Rosalind instantly to leave the palace and follow her father into banishment, telling Celia, who in vain pleaded for her, that he had only suffered Rosalind to stay upon her account.

"I did not then," said Celia, "entreat you to let her stay, for I was too young at that time to value her; but now that I know her worth, and that we so long have slept together, rose at the same instant, learned, played, and ate together, I cannot live out of her company."

Frederick replied, "She is too subtle for you; her very silence and patience speak to the people, and they pity her. You are a fool to speak for her, for you will seem more bright and virtuous when she is gone; therefore plead not for her, for the doom which I have passed is irrevocable."

When Celia found she could not prevail upon her father to let Rosalind remain with her, she generously resolved to accompany her; and leaving her father's palace that night, she went along with her friend to seek Rosalind's father, the banished duke, in the forest of Arden.

Before they set out, Celia considered that it would be unsafe for two young ladies to travel in the rich clothes they then wore ; she therefore proposed that they should disguise their rank by dressing themselves like country maids. Rosalind said it would be a still greater protection if one of them was to be dressed like a man ; and so it was quickly agreed on between them that, as Rosalind was the tallest, she should wear the dress of a young countryman, and Celia should be habited like a country lass, and that they should say they were brother and sister, and Rosalind said she would be called Ganymede, and Celia chose the name of Aliena.

In this disguise, and taking their money and jewels to defray their expenses, these fair princesses set out on their long travel ; for the forest of Arden was a long way off, beyond the boundaries of the duke's dominions.

↓ The lady Rosalind (or Ganymede as she must now be called) with her manly garb seemed to have put on a manly courage. The faithful friendship Celia had shown in accompanying Rosalind so many weary miles made the new brother, in recompense for this true love, exert a cheerful spirit, as if he were indeed Ganymede, the rustic and stout-hearted brother of the gentle village maiden Aliena.

When at last they came to the forest of Arden they no longer found the convenient inns and good accommodations they had met with on the road ; and being in want of food and rest, Ganymede, who had so merrily cheered his sister with pleasant speeches and happy remarks all the way, now owned to Aliena that he was so weary he could find in his heart to disgrace his man's apparel and cry like a woman ; and Aliena declared she could go no farther. And then again Ganymede tried to recollect that it was a man's duty to comfort and console a woman, as the weaker vessel ; and, to seem courageous to his new sister, he said,

"Come, have a good heart, my sister Aliena, we are now at the end of our travel, in the forest of Arden."

But feigned manliness and forced courage would no longer support them, for though they were in the forest of Arden, they knew not where to find the duke. And here the travel of these weary ladies might have come to a sad conclusion, for they might have lost themselves and perished for want of food; but providentially, as they were sitting on the grass, almost dying with fatigue and hopeless of any relief, a countryman chanced to pass that way, and Ganymede once more tried to speak with a manly boldness, saying, "Shepherd, if love or gold can in this desert place procure us entertainment, I pray you bring us where we may rest ourselves; for this young maid my sister is fatigued with travelling, and faints for want of food."



The man replied that he was only a servant to a shepherd, and that his master's house was just going to be sold, and therefore they would find but poor entertainment; but that, if they would go with him, they should be welcome to what there was. They followed the man, the near prospect of relief giving them fresh strength, bought the house and sheep of the shepherd, and took the man who conducted them to the shepherd's house to wait on them; and being by this means so fortunately provided with a neat

cottage, and well supplied with provisions, they agreed to stay here till they could learn in what part of the forest the duke dwelt. When they were rested after the fatigue of their journey, they began to like their new way of life, and almost fancied themselves the shepherd and shepherdess they feigned to be ; yet sometimes Ganymede remembered he had once been the same lady Rosalind who had so dearly loved the brave Orlando because he was the son of old Sir Rowland, her father's friend ; and though Ganymede thought that Orlando was many miles distant, even so many weary miles as they had travelled, yet it soon appeared that Orlando was also in the forest of Arden, and in this manner this strange event came to pass.

Orlando was the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys, who, when he died left him (Orlando being then very young) to the care of his eldest brother Oliver, charging Oliver on his blessing to give his brother a good education, and provide for him as became the dignity of their ancient house. Oliver proved an unworthy brother, and, disregarding the commands of his dying father, he never put his brother to school, but kept him at home untaught and entirely neglected. But in his nature and in the noble qualities of his mind Orlando so much resembled his excellent father that, without any advantages of education, he seemed like a youth who had been bred with the utmost care ; and Oliver so envied the fine person and dignified manners of his untutored brother that at last he wished to destroy him, and to effect this he set on people to persuade him to wrestle with the famous wrestler, who, as has been before related, had killed so many men. Now, it was this cruel brother's neglect of him which made Orlando say he wished to die, being so friendless.

When, contrary to the wicked hopes he had formed, Oliver's brother proved victorious, his envy and malice knew no bounds, and he swore he would burn the chamber where Orlando slept. He was overheard

making this vow by one that had been an old and faithful servant to their father, and that loved Orlando because he resembled Sir Rowland. This old man went out to meet him when he returned from the duke's palace, and when he saw Orlando, the peril his dear young master was in made him break out into these passionate exclamations, "O my gentle master, my sweet master, O you memory of old Sir Rowland! why are you virtuous? why are you gentle, strong, and valiant? and why would you be so fond to overcome the famous wrestler? Your praise is come too swiftly home before you."



Orlando, wondering what all this meant, asked him what was the matter. And then the old man told him how his wicked brother, envying the love all people bore him, and now hearing the fame he had gained by his victory in the duke's palace, intended to destroy him by setting fire to his chamber that night; and, in conclusion, advised him to escape the danger he was in by instant flight. Knowing Orlando had no money, Adam (for that was the good old man's name) had brought out with him his own little hoard, and he said, "I have five hundred crowns, the thrifty hire I saved under your father, and laid by to be provision for me when my old limbs should become unfit for service; take that, and He that doth the ravens feed be comfort to my age! Here is the gold; all this I give to you: let me be your servant; though I look old, I will do the service of a younger man in all your business and necessities." "O good old man!" said Orlando, "how well appears in you the constant service of the old world! You are not for the fashion of these times. We will go along together, and before



your youthful wages are spent I shall light upon some means for both our maintenance."



Together then this faithful servant and his loved master set out; and Orlando and Adam travelled on, uncertain what course to pursue, till they came to the forest of Arden, and there they found themselves in the same distress for want of food that Ganymede and Aliena had been. They wandered on, seeking some human habitation, till they were almost spent with hunger and fatigue. Adam at last said, "O my dear master, I die for want of food; I can go no farther."

He then laid himself down, thinking to make that place his grave, and bade his dear master farewell. Orlando, seeing him in this weak state, took his old servant up in his arms and carried him under the shelter of some pleasant trees; and he said to him, "Cheerly, old Adam; rest your weary limbs here awhile, and do not talk of dying!"

Orlando then searched about to find some food, and he happened to arrive at that part of the forest where the duke was; and he and his friends were just going to eat their dinner, this royal duke being seated on the grass, under no other canopy than the shady covert of some large trees.

Orlando, whom hunger had made desperate, drew his sword, intending to take their meat by force, and said, "Forbear and eat no more; I must have your food!" The duke asked him if distress had made him so bold, or if he were a rude despiser of good

manners? On this Orlando said he was dying with hunger, and then the duke told him he was welcome to sit down and eat with them. Orlando, hearing him speak so gently, put up his sword, and blushed with shame at the rude manner in which he had demanded their food. "Pardon me, I pray you," said he. "I thought that all things had been savage here, and therefore I put on the countenance of stern command. But whatever men you are that in this desert, under the shade of melancholy boughs, lose and neglect the creeping hours of time; if ever you have looked on better days, if ever you



have been where bells have knolled to church, if you have ever sat at any good man's feast, if ever from your eyelids you have wiped a tear, and know what it is to pity or be pitied, may gentle speeches now move you to do me human courtesy." The duke replied, "True it is that we are men (as you say) who have seen better days, and though we have now our habitation in this wild forest, we have lived in towns and cities, and have with holy bell been knolled to church, have sat at good men's feasts, and from our eyes have wiped the drops which sacred pity has engendered; therefore sit you down, and take of our refreshment as much as will minister to your wants." "There is an old poor man," answered Orlando, "who has limped after me many a weary step in pure love, oppressed at once with two sad infirmities

—age and hunger. Till he be satisfied I must not touch a bit.” “Go, find him out and bring him hither,” said the duke; “we will forbear to eat till you return.” Then Orlando



went like a doe to find its fawn and give it food, and presently returned, bringing Adam in his arms; and the duke said, “Set down your venerable burthen; you are both welcome;” and they fed the old man and cheered his heart, and he revived and recovered his health and strength again.

The duke inquired who Orlando was, and when he found that he was the son of his old friend, Sir Rowland de Boys, he took him under his protection, and Orlando and his old servant lived with the duke in the forest.

Orlando arrived in the forest not many days after Ganymede and Aliena came there and (as has been before related) bought the shepherd’s cottage.

Ganymede and Aliena were strangely surprised to find the name of Rosalind carved on the trees, and love sonnets fastened to them, all addressed to Rosalind; and while they were wondering how this could be they met Orlando, and they perceived the chain which Rosalind had given him about his neck.

Orlando little thought that Ganymede was the fair princess Rosalind, who by her noble condescension and favour had so won his heart that he passed his whole time in carving her name upon the trees and writing sonnets in praise of her beauty; but being much pleased with the graceful air of this pretty shepherd youth, he entered into conversation with him, and he thought he saw a likeness in Ganymede to his beloved

Rosalind, but that he had none of the dignified deportment of that noble lady ; for Ganymede assumed the forward manners often seen in youths when they are between boys and men, and with much archness and humour talked to Orlando of a certain lover, "who," said he, "haunts our forest and spoils our young trees with carving 'Rosalind' upon their barks ; and he hangs odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles, all praising this same Rosalind. If I could find this lover, I would give him some good counsel that would soon cure him of his love."

Orlando confessed that he was the fond lover of whom he spoke, and asked Ganymede to give him the good counsel he talked of. The remedy Ganymede proposed and the counsel he gave him was that Orlando should come every day to the cottage where he and his sister Aliena dwelt ; "and then," said Ganymede, "I will feign myself to be Rosalind, and you shall feign to court me in the same manner as you would do if I was Rosalind, and then I will imitate the fantastic ways of whimsical ladies to their lovers, till I make you ashamed of your love ; and this is the way I propose to cure you."

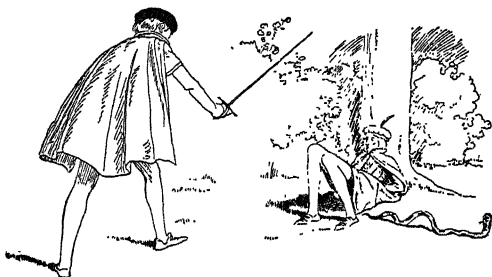
Orlando had no great faith in the remedy, yet he agreed to come every day to Ganymede's cottage and feign a playful courtship ; and every day Orlando visited Ganymede and Aliena, and Orlando called the shepherd Ganymede his Rosalind, and every day talked over all the fine words and flattering compliments which young men delight to use when they



court their mistresses. It does not appear, however, that Ganymede made any progress in curing Orlando of his love for Rosalind.

Though Orlando thought all this was but a sportive play (not dreaming that Ganymede was his very Rosalind), yet the opportunity it gave him of saying all the fond things he had in his heart pleased his fancy almost as well as it did Ganymede's, who enjoyed the secret jest in knowing these fine love-speeches were all addressed to the right person.

In this manner many days passed pleasantly on with these young people; and the good-natured



Aliena, seeing it made Ganymede happy, let him have his own way, and was diverted at the mock-courtship, and did not care to remind Ganymede that the lady Rosalind had not yet made herself known to the duke, her father, whose place of resort in the forest they had learnt from Orlando. Ganymede met the duke one day, and had some talk with him, and the duke asked of what parentage he came. Ganymede answered that he came of as good parentage as he did, which made the duke smile, for he did not suspect the pretty shepherd boy came of royal lineage. Then seeing the duke look well and happy, Ganymede was content to put off all further explanation for a few days longer.

One morning, as Orlando was going to visit Ganymede, he saw a man lying asleep on the ground, and a large green snake had twisted itself about his neck. The snake, seeing Orlando approach, glided away among the bushes. Orlando went nearer, and then he discovered a lioness lie crouching, with her head on the ground with a cat-like watch, waiting until the sleeping man awaked (for it is said that lions will prey on nothing that is dead or sleeping). It seemed as if Orlando was sent by Providence to free the man from the danger of the snake and lioness. But when Orlando looked in the man's face, he perceived that the sleeper who was exposed to this double peril was his own brother Oliver, who had so cruelly used him and had threatened to destroy him by fire ; and he was almost tempted to leave him a prey to the hungry lioness, but brotherly affection and the gentleness of his nature soon overcame his first anger against his brother. He drew his sword and attacked the lioness and slew her, and thus preserved his brother's life both from the venomous snake and from the furious lioness ; but before Orlando could conquer the lioness she had torn one of his arms with her sharp claws.

While Orlando was engaged with the lioness, Oliver awaked, and perceiving that his brother Orlando, whom he had so cruelly treated, was saving him from the fury of a wild beast at the risk of his own life, shame and remorse at once seized him, and he repented of his unworthy conduct, and besought with

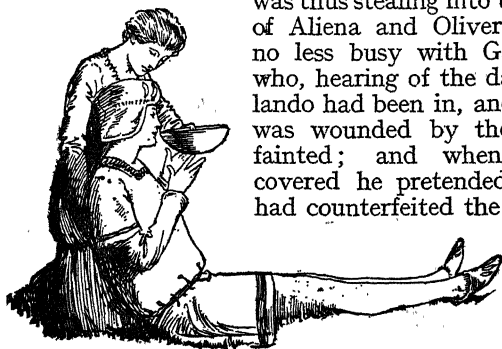


many tears his brother's pardon for the injuries he had done him. Orlando rejoiced to see him so penitent, and readily forgave him. They embraced each other, and from that hour Oliver loved Orlando with a true brotherly affection, though he had come to the forest bent on his destruction.

The wound in Orlando's arm having bled very much, he found himself too weak to go to visit Ganymede, and therefore he desired his brother to go and tell Ganymede, "whom," said Orlando, "I in sport do call my Rosalind," the accident which had befallen him.

Thither, then, Oliver went, and told to Ganymede and Aliena how Orlando had saved his life. And when he had finished the story of Orlando's bravery and his own providential escape, he owned to them that he was Orlando's brother, who had so cruelly used him; and then he told them of their reconciliation.

The sincere sorrow that Oliver expressed for his offences made such a lively impression on the kind heart of Aliena that she instantly fell in love with him; and Oliver observing how much she pitied the distress he told her he felt for his fault, he as suddenly fell in love with her. But while love was thus stealing into the hearts of Aliena and Oliver, he was no less busy with Ganymede, who, hearing of the danger Orlando had been in, and that he was wounded by the lioness, fainted; and when he recovered he pretended that he had counterfeited the swoon in



the imaginary character of Rosalind, and Ganymede said to Oliver, "Tell your brother Orlando how well I counterfeited a swoon." But Oliver saw by the paleness of his complexion that he did really faint, and, much wondering at the weakness of the young man, he said, "Well, if you did counterfeit, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man." "So I do," replied Ganymede truly, "but I should have been a woman by right."

Oliver made this visit a very long one, and when at last he returned back to his brother he had much news to tell him; for, besides the account of Ganymede's fainting at the hearing that Orlando was wounded, Oliver told him how he had fallen in love with the fair shepherdess Aliena, and that she had lent a favourable ear to his suit, even in this their first interview; and he talked to his brother, as of a thing almost settled, that he should marry Aliena, saying that he so well loved her that he would live here as a shepherd, and settle his estate and house at home upon Orlando.

"You have my consent," said Orlando. "Let your wedding be to-morrow, and I will invite the duke and his friends. Go and persuade your shepherdess to agree to this. She is now alone, for look, here comes her brother." Oliver went to Aliena; and Ganymede, whom Orlando had perceived approaching, came to inquire after the health of his wounded friend.

When Orlando and Ganymede began to talk over the sudden love which had taken place between Oliver and Aliena, Orlando said he had advised his brother to persuade his fair shepherdess to be married on the morrow; and then he added how much he could wish to be married on the same day to his Rosalind.

Ganymede, who well approved of this arrangement, said that if Orlando really loved Rosalind as well as he professed to do, he should have his wish; for on



the morrow he would engage to make Rosalind appear in her own person, and also that Rosalind should be willing to marry Orlando.

This seemingly wonderful event, which, as Ganymede was the lady Rosalind, he could so easily perform, he pretended he would bring to pass by the aid of magic, which he said he had learnt of an uncle who was a famous magician.

The fond lover Orlando, half believing and half doubting what he heard, asked Ganymede if he spoke in sober meaning. "By my life I do," said Ganymede. "Therefore put on your best clothes, and bid the duke and your friends to your wedding; for if you desire to be married to-morrow to Rosalind, she shall be here."

The next morning, Oliver having obtained the consent of Aliena, they came into the presence of the duke, and with them also came Orlando.

They being all assembled to celebrate this double marriage, and as yet only one of the brides appearing, there was much of wondering and conjecture; but they mostly thought that Ganymede was making a jest of Orlando.

The duke, hearing that it was his own daughter that was to be brought in this strange way, asked Orlando if he believed the shepherd boy could really do what he had promised; and while Orlando was answering that he knew not what to think, Ganymede entered and asked the duke, if he brought his daughter, whether he would consent to her marriage with Orlando. "That I would," said the duke, "if I had kingdoms to give with her." Ganymede then said to Orlando, "And you say you will marry her if I bring her here?" "That I would," said Orlando, "if I were king of many kingdoms."

Ganymede and Aliena then went out together, and Ganymede, throwing off his male attire, and being once more dressed in women's apparel, quickly became

Rosalind without the power of magic ; and Aliena, changing her country garb for her own rich clothes, was with as little trouble transformed into the lady Celia.

While they were gone, the duke said to Orlando that he thought the shepherd Ganymede very like his daughter Rosalind, and Orlando said he also had observed the resemblance.

They had no time to wonder how all this would end, for Rosalind and Celia in their own clothes entered ; and no longer pretending that it was by the power of magic that she came there, Rosalind threw herself on her knees before her father and begged his blessing. It seemed so wonderful to all present that she should so suddenly appear that it might well have passed for magic ; but Rosalind would no longer trifle with her father, and told him the story of her banishment, and of her dwelling in the forest as a shepherd, her cousin Celia passing as her sister.

The duke ratified the consent he had already given to the marriage ; and Orlando and Rosalind, Oliver and Celia, were married at the same time. And though their wedding could not be celebrated in this wild forest with any of the parade or splendour usual on such occasions, yet a happier wedding-day was never passed ; and while they were eating their venison under the cool shade of the pleasant trees, as if nothing should be wanting to complete the felicity of this good duke and the true lovers, an unexpected messenger arrived to tell the duke the joyful news that his dukedom was restored to him.

The usurper, enraged at the flight of his daughter



Celia, and hearing that every day men of great worth resorted to the forest of Arden to join the lawful duke in his exile, much envying that his brother should be so highly respected in his adversity, put himself at the head of a large force, and advanced towards the forest, intending to seize his brother, and put him with all his faithful followers to the sword. But, by a wonderful interposition of Providence, this bad brother was converted from his evil intention ; for just as he entered the skirts of the wild forest he was met by an old religious man, a hermit, with whom he had much talk, and who in the end completely turned his heart from his wicked design. Thenceforward he became a true penitent, and resolved, relinquishing his unjust dominion, to spend the remainder of his days in a religious house. The first act of his newly-conceived penitence was to send a messenger to his brother (as has been related) to offer to restore to him his dukedom, which he had usurped so long, and with it the lands and revenues of his friends, the faithful followers of his adversity.

This joyful news, as unexpected as it was welcome, came opportunely to heighten the festivity and rejoicings at the wedding of the princesses. Celia complimented her cousin on this good fortune which had happened to the duke, Rosalind's father, and wished her joy very sincerely, though she herself was no longer heir to the dukedom, but by this restoration which her father had made Rosalind was now the heir ; so completely was the love of these two cousins unmingled with anything of jealousy or of envy.

The duke had now an opportunity of rewarding those true friends who had stayed with him in his banishment ; and these worthy followers, though they had patiently shared his adverse fortune, were very well pleased to return in peace and prosperity to the palace of their lawful duke.

## “ UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE ”

## THE FOREST OF ARDEN

[*Enter DUKE Senior, AMIENS, and other Lords, in the dress of foresters.*]

*Duke S.* Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,  
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet  
Than that of painted pomp ? Are not these woods  
More free from peril than the envious court ?  
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,  
The seasons' difference ; as the icy fang  
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,  
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,  
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,  
“ This is no flattery ; these are counsellors  
That feelingly persuade me what I am.”  
Sweet are the uses of adversity,  
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head :  
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.  
I would not change it.

*Ami.* Happy is your grace,  
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune  
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

*Duke S.* Come, shall we go and kill us venison ?  
And yet it irks me, the poor dapp'l'd fools,  
Being native burghers of this desert city,  
Should in their own confines, with forked heads  
Have their round haunches gor'd.

*First Lord.* Indeed, my lord,  
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that ;



To fright the animals, and to kill them up,  
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

*Duke S.* And did you leave him in this contempla-  
tion?

*Second Lord.* We did, my lord, weeping and com-  
menting

Upon the sobbing deer.

*Duke S.* Show me the place :

I love to cope him in these sullen fits,

For then he's full of matter.

*First Lord.* I'll bring you to him straight.

# ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST

[*Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, and others.*]

## SONG

*Ami.* Under the green-  
wood tree  
Who loves to lie  
with me,  
And turn his merry  
note  
Unto the sweet  
bird's throat,  
Come hither, come  
hither, come  
hither:  
Here shall he see  
No enemy  
But winter and rough  
weather.



*Jaq.* More, more, I prithee,  
more.

*Ami.* It will make you melancholy, Monsieur  
Jaques.

*Jaq.* I thank it. More, I prithee, more. I can suck

melancholy out of a song as a weasel sucks eggs.  
More, I prithee, more.

*Ami.* My voice is ragged ; I know I cannot please you.

*Jaq.* I do not desire you to please me ; I do desire you to sing. Come, more ; another stanza :—call you 'em stanzas ?

*Ami.* What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

*Jaq.* Nay, I care not for their names ; they owe me nothing. Will you sing ?

*Ami.* More at your request than to please myself.

*Jaq.* Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you : but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes ; and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing ; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

*Ami.* Well, I'll end the song.—Sirs, cover the while ; the duke will drink under this tree.—He hath been all this day to look you.

*Jaq.* And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company : I think of as many matters as he ; but I give heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

#### SONG

Who doth ambition shun, [*All together here.*  
And loves to live i' the sun,  
Seeking the food he eats,  
And pleas'd with what he gets,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither :  
Here shall he see  
No enemy  
But winter and rough weather.

*Jaq.* I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

*Ami.* And I'll sing it.

*Jaq.* Thus it goes :—

If it do come to pass  
That any man turn ass,  
Leaving his wealth and ease  
A stubborn will to please,  
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame :  
Here shall he see  
Gross fools as he,  
And if he will come to me.

*Ami.* What's that " ducdame " ?

*Jaq.* 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep, if I can ; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

*Ami.* And I'll go seek the duke ; his banquet is prepared.

## ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST

[*Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.*]

*Adam.* Dear master, I can go no further : Oh, I die for food ! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

*Orl.* Why, how now, Adam ! no greater heart in



thee ? Live a little ; comfort a little ; cheer thyself

*Ducdame*, A meaningless word.



a little. If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable ; hold death awhile at the arm's end. I will here be with thee presently ; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die : but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour.—Well said ! thou lookest cheerly, and I'll be with thee quickly.—Yet thou liest in the bleak air : come, I will bear thee to some shelter ; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam !

#### ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST

*(the same as on page 137)*

*[A table set out. Enter DUKE Senior, AMIENS, and others.]*

*Duke S.* I think he be transform'd into a beast ;  
For I can no where find him like a man.

*First Lord.* My lord, he is but even now gone hence :  
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

*Duke S.* If he, compact of jars, grow musical,  
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.  
Go, seek him : tell him I would speak with him.

*First Lord.* He saves my labour by his own approach.

*[Enter JAQUES.]*

*Duke S.* Why, how now, monsieur ! what a life is this,  
That your poor friends must woo your company ?  
What, you look merrily !

*Jaq.* A fool, a fool !—I met a fool i' the forest,  
A motley fool !—a miserable world !—

As I do live by food, I met a fool ;  
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,  
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,



In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool.  
“ Good morrow, fool,” quoth I. “ No, sir,” quoth he,  
“ Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune.”  
And then he drew a dial from his poke,  
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,  
Says very wisely, “ It is ten o’clock.  
Thus we may see,” quoth he, “ how the world wags :  
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,  
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven ;  
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,  
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot ;  
And thereby hangs a tale.” When I did hear  
The motley fool thus moral on the time,  
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,  
That fools should be so deep contemplative ;  
And I did laugh sans intermission  
An hour by his dial.—O noble fool !  
A worthy fool !—Motley’s the only wear.  
*Duke S.* What fool is this ?

*A fool,* This is Touchstone, the jester, who accompanied Rosalind and Celia into the forest.

*Jaq.* O worthy fool!—One that hath been a courtier,  
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,  
They have the gift to know it : and in his brain,—



Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit  
After a voyage,—he hath strange places cramm'd  
With observation, the which he vents  
In mangled forms.—Oh that I were a fool !  
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

*Duke S.* Thou shalt have one.

*Jaq.*

It is my only suit :

Invest me in my motley : give me leave  
To speak my mind, and I will through and through  
Cleans the foul body of the infected world,  
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

[*Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn.*]

*Orl.* Forbear, and eat no more.

*Jaq.* Why, I have eat none yet.

*Orl.* Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.

*Jaq.* Of what kind should this cock come of?

*Duke S.* Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress,

Or else a rude despiser of good manners,  
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

*Orl.* You touch'd my vein at first : the thorny point  
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show  
Of smooth civility ; yet am I inland bred,  
And know some nurture. But forbear, I say :  
He dies that touches any of this fruit  
Till I and my affairs are answered.

*Jaq.* An you will not be answered with reason, I  
must die.

*Duke S.* What would you have ? Your gentleness  
shall force,

More than your force move us to gentleness.

*Orl.* I almost die for food ; and let me have it.

*Duke S.* Sit down and feed, and welcome to our  
table.

*Orl.* Speak you so gently ? Pardon me, I pray you :  
I thought that all things had been savage here,  
And therefore put I on the countenance  
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are,  
That in this desert inaccessible,  
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,  
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time ;  
If ever you have look'd on better days,  
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,  
If ever sat at any good man's feast,  
If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,  
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,—  
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be :  
In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

*Duke S.* True is it that we have seen better days,  
 And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,  
 And sat at good men's feasts, and wip'd our eyes  
 Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd :  
 And therefore sit you down in gentleness,  
 And take upon command what help we have  
 That to your wanting may be minister'd.

*Orl.* Then but forbear your food a little while,  
 Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,  
 And give it food. There is an old poor man,  
 Who after me hath many a weary step  
 Limp'd in pure love : till he be first suffic'd,—  
 Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,—  
 I will not touch a bit.

*Duke S.* Go find him out,  
 And we will nothing waste till you return.

*Orl.* I thank ye ; and be bless'd for your good com-  
 fort ! [Exit.]

*Duke S.* Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy :  
 This wide and universal theatre  
 Presents more woeful pageants than the scene  
 Wherein we play in.

*Jaq.* All the world's a stage,  
 And all the men and women merely players :  
 They have their exits and their entrances ;  
 And one man in his time plays many parts,  
 His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,  
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms  
 Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel  
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
 Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,  
 Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad  
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then the soldier,  
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,  
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
 Seeking the bubble reputation  
 Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,  
 In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,

With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,  
Full of wise saws and modern instances ;  
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts  
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,  
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side ;  
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide  
For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,  
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes  
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,  
That ends this strange eventful history,  
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,  
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

[*Re-enter ORLANDO with ADAM.*]

*Duke S.* Welcome. Set down your venerable burden,  
And let him feed.

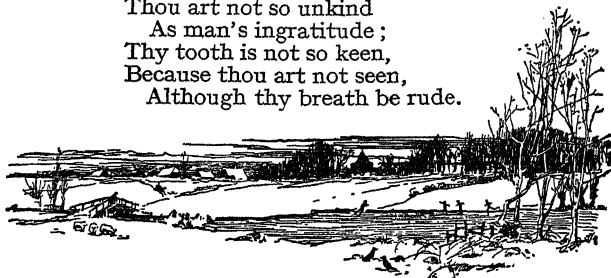
*Orl.* I thank you most for him.

*Adam.* So had you need :—  
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

*Duke S.* Welcome ; fall to : I will not trouble you  
As yet, to question you about your fortunes.—  
Give us some music ; and, good cousin, sing.

#### SONG

*Amr.* Blow, blow, thou winter wind,  
Thou art not so unkind  
As man's ingratitude ;  
Thy tooth is not so keen,  
Because thou art not seen,  
Although thy breath be rude.



Heigh-ho ! sing, heigh-ho ! unto the green holly.  
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly ;  
     Then, heigh-ho, the holly !  
     This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,  
 Thou dost not bite so nigh  
     As benefits forgot :  
 Though thou the waters warp,  
 Thy sting is not so sharp  
     As friend remember'd not.  
 Heigh-ho ! sing, heigh-ho ! etc.

*Duke S.* If that you were the good Sir Rowland's  
     son,—

As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,  
 And as mine eye doth his effigies witness  
 Most truly limn'd and living in your face,—  
 Be truly welcome hither : I am the duke,  
 That lov'd your father : the residue of your fortune,  
 Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,  
 Thou art right welcome as thy master is.—  
 Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,  
 And let me all your fortunes understand.

## LOVERS' MEETING

### THE FOREST OF ARDEN

[ROSALIND as GANYMEDE and CELIA as ALIENA.]

*Ros.* Alas the day ! what shall I do with my doublet  
 and hose ? What did he when thou sawest him ?  
 What said he ? How looked he ? Wherein went he ?  
 What makes he here ? Did he ask for me ? Where  
 remains he ? How parted he with thee ? and when  
 shalt thou see him again ? Answer me in one word.

*Cel.* You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first : 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say ay and no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism.

*Ros.* But doth he know that I am in this forest and in man's apparel ? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled ?

*Cel.* It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover ; but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

*Ros.* It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

*Cel.* Give me audience, good madam.

*Ros.* Proceed.

*Cel.* There lay he, stretched along, like a wounded knight.

*Ros.* Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

*Cel.* Cry " holla " to thy tongue, I prithee ; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter.

*Ros.* O, ominous ! he comes to kill my heart.

*Cel.* I would sing my song without a burden : thou bringest me out of tune.

*Ros.* Do you not know I am a woman ? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

*Cel.* You bring me out. Soft ! comes he not here ?

[*Enter ORLANDO and JAQUES.*]

*Ros.* Tis he : slink by, and note him.

*Jaq.* I thank you for your company : but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

*Orl.* And so had I ; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

*Jaq.* God be wi' you : let's meet as little as we can.

*Orl.* I do desire we may be better strangers.

*Jaq.* I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.



*Orl.* I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

*Jaq.* Rosalind is your love's name ?

*Orl.* Yes, just.

*Jaq.* I do not like her name.

*Orl.* There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.

*Jaq.* What stature is she of ?

*Orl.* Just as high as my heart.

*Jaq.* You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings ?

*Orl.* Not so ; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

*Jaq.* You have a nimble wit : I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me ? and we two will rail against our mistress the world and all our misery.

*Orl.* I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

*Jaq.* The worst fault you have is to be in love.

*Orl.* 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

*Jaq.* By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

*Orl.* He is drowned in the brook : look but in, and you shall see him.

*Jaq.* There I shall see mine own figure.

*Orl.* Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.

*Jaq.* I'll tarry no longer with you : farewell, good Signior Love.

*Orl.* I am glad of your departure : adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy. [Exit JAQUES.]

*Ros.* [*aside to CELIA*]. I will speak to him like a saucy lackey and under that habit play the knave with him. Do you hear, forester ?

*Orl.* Very well : what would you ?

*Ros.* I pray you, what is't o'clock ?

*Orl.* You should ask me what time o' day : there's no clock in the forest.

*Ros.* Then there is no true lover in the forest ; else sighing every minute and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.

*Orl.* And why not the swift foot of Time ? had not that been as proper ?

*Ros.* By no means, sir : Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

*Orl.* I prithee, who doth he trot withal ?

*Ros.* Marry, he trots hard with a young-maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized : if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

*Orl.* Who ambles Time withal ?

*Ros.* With a priest that lacks Latin and a rich man that hath not the gout, for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain, the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury ; these Time ambles withal.

*Orl.* Who doth he gallop withal ?

*Ros.* With a thief to the gallows, for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

*Orl.* Who stays it still withal ?

*Ros.* With lawyers in the vacation ; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how Time moves.

*Orl.* Where dwell you, pretty youth ?

*Ros.* With this shepherdess, my sister ; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

*Orl.* Are you native of this place ?

*Ros.* As the cony that you see dwell where she is kindled.

*Orl.* Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

*Ros.* I have been told so of many : but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man ; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it, and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

*Orl.* Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women ?

*Ros.* There were none principal ; they were all like one another as half-pence are, every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it.

*Orl.* I prithee, recount some of them.

*Ros.* No, I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving "Rosalind" on their barks ; hangs odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles, all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind : if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

*Orl.* I am he that is so love-shaked : I pray you, tell me your remedy.

*Ros.* There is none of my uncle's marks upon you : he taught me how to know a man in love ; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

*Orl.* What were his marks ?

*Ros.* A lean cheek, which you have not, a blue eye and sunken, which you have not, an unquestionable spirit, which you have not, a beard neglected, which you have not ; but I pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue : then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied and every thing about you demonstrating a careless deso-

lation ; but you are no such man ; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

*Orl.* Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

*Ros.* Me believe it ! you may as soon make her that you love believe it ; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does ; that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired ?

*Orl.* I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

*Ros.* But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak ?

*Orl.* Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

*Ros.* Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do ; and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

*Orl.* Did you ever cure any so ?

*Ros.* Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress ; and I set him every day to woo me : at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles, for every passion something and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour ; would now like him, now loathe him ; then entertain him, then forswear him ; now weep for him, then spit at him ; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love to a living humour of madness ; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world and to

live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him ; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

*Orl.* I would not be cured, youth.

*Ros.* I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind and come every day to my cote and woo me.

*Orl.* Now, by the faith of my love, I will : tell me where it is.

*Ros.* Go with me to it and I'll show it you : and by the way you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go ?

*Orl.* With all my heart, good youth.

*Ros.* Nay, you must call me Rosalind. Come, sister, will you go ?

## JULIUS CÆSAR

IN writing this play Shakespeare used Sir Thomas North's translation of the *Lives* of the Greek writer Plutarch, who wrote biographies of famous Greeks and Romans in the first century A.D. Three biographies, those of Cæsar, Brutus, and Antony, provide the story of this play, and the following passage is taken from the first of these, as it sums up the events in convenient form. Shakespeare grafted upon this story close character studies of Brutus and Antony, and gave vivid life to the whole by his wonderful dramatic power.

### THE MIGHTIEST JULIUS

The Romans, supposing that to be ruled by one man alone would be a good mean for them to take breath a little after so many troubles and miseries abidden in these civil wars, they chose him perpetual dictator. This was a plain tyranny : for to this absolute power of dictator they added this, never to be afraid to be deposed. For himself, after he had ended his civil wars, he did so honourably behave himself that there was no fault to be found in him ; and therefore, methinks, amongst other honours they gave him he rightly deserved this, that they should build him a temple of clemency, to thank him for his courtesy he had used unto them in his victory. For he pardoned many of them that had borne arms against him, and furthermore did prefer some of them to honour and office in the commonwealth : as, amongst other, Cassius and Brutus, both the which were made prætors. When

some of his friends did counsel him to have a guard for the safety of his person, and some also did offer themselves to serve him, he would never consent to



it, but said it was better to die once than always to be afraid of death. But his enemies, notwithstanding, that envied his greatness did not stick to find fault. As Cicero the orator, when one said, "To-morrow the star Lyra will rise," "Yea," said he, "at the commandment of Cæsar," as if men were compelled so to say and think, by Cæsar's edict. But the chiefest cause that made him mortally hated was the covetous desire he had to be called king, which first gave the people just cause, and next his secret

enemies honest colour, to bear him ill-will. This notwithstanding, they that procured him this honour and dignity gave it out among the people that it was written in the Sibylline prophecies how the Romans might overcome the Parthians if they made war with them and were led by a king, but otherwise that they were unconquerable. And furthermore they were so bold besides, that, Cæsar returning to Rome from the city of Alba, when they came to salute him they called him king. But the people being offended and Cæsar also angry, he said he was not called king but Cæsar. Then every man keeping silence, he went his way heavy and sorrowful. When they had decreed divers honours for him in the Senate, the consuls and prætors accompanied with the whole assembly of the Senate went unto him in the market-place, where he was set by the pulpit for orations, to tell him what honours they had decreed for him in his absence. But he, sitting still in his majesty, disdaining to rise up unto them when they came in, as

if they had been private men, answered them that his honours had more need to be cut off than enlarged. This did not only offend the Senate but the common people also to see that he should so lightly esteem of the magistrates of the commonwealth: insomuch as every man that might lawfully go his way departed thence very sorrowfully. Thereupon also Cæsar, rising, departed home to his house, and tearing open his doublet collar, making his neck bare, he cried aloud to his friends that his throat was ready to offer to any man that would come and cut it. Notwithstanding, it is reported that afterwards, to excuse this folly, he imputed it to his disease, saying that their wits are not perfect which have his disease of the falling evil when standing on their feet they speak to the common people, but are soon troubled with a trembling of their body and a sudden dimness and giddiness. But that was not true.



At that time the feast Lupercalia was celebrated, the which in old time men say was the feast of shepherds or herdmen. That day there are divers noblemen's sons, young men (and some of them magistrates themselves that govern them), which run naked through the city, striking in sport them they meet in their way with leather thongs. Cæsar sat to behold that sport upon the pulpit for orations, in a chair of gold, apparelled in triumphing manner. Antonius, who was consul at that time, was one of them that ran this holy course. So when he came into the market-place the people made a lane for him to run at liberty, and he came to Cæsar and presented to him a diadem wreathed about with laurel. Whereupon there rose a certain cry of rejoicing, not very great, done only by a few appointed



for the purpose. But when Cæsar refused the diadem, then all the people together made an outcry of joy. Then Antonius offering it him again there was a second shout of joy, but yet of a few. But when Cæsar refused it again the second time, then all the whole people shouted. Cæsar, having made this proof, found that the people did not like it, and thereupon rose out of his chair and commanded the crown to be carried unto Jupiter in the Capitol. After that there were set up images of Cæsar in the city with diadems upon their heads like kings. Those the two tribunes Flavius and Marullus went and pulled down : and furthermore meeting with them that first saluted Cæsar as king, they committed them to prison. The people followed them, rejoicing at it, and called them Brutes, because of Brutus, who had in old time driven the kings out of Rome, and that brought the kingdom of one person unto the government of the Senate and people. Cæsar was so offended withal that he deprived Marullus and Flavius of their tribuneships, and accusing them he spake also against the people and called them *Bruti* and *Cumani*, to wit, beasts and fools.

Hereupon the people went straight unto Marcus Brutus, who from his father came of the first Brutus, and by his mother of the house of the Servilians, a noble house as any was in Rome, and was also nephew and son-in-law of Marcus Cato. Notwithstanding, the great honours and favour Cæsar showed unto him kept him back that of himself alone he did not conspire nor consent to depose him of his kingdom. For Cæsar did not only save his life after the battle of Pharsalia, when Pompey fled, and did at his request also save many more of his friends besides, but furthermore he put a marvellous confidence in him. For he had already preferred him to the prætorship for that year, and furthermore was appointed to be consul, the fourth year after that, having through Cæsar's friendship obtained it before Cassius, who likewise made suit

for the same : and Cæsar also, as it is reported, said in this contention, " Indeed Cassius hath alleged best reason, but yet shall he not be chosen before Brutus." Some one day accusing Brutus while he practised this conspiracy, Cæsar would not hear of it, but told them " Brutus will look for this skin," meaning thereby that Brutus for his virtue deserved to rule after him, but yet that for ambition's sake he would not show himself unthankful or dishonourable.

Now they had desired change and wished Brutus only their prince and governor above all other, they durst not come to him, but in the night did cast sundry papers into the prætor's seat, where he gave audience, and the most to this effect, " Thou sleepest, Brutus, and art not Brutus indeed." Cassius, finding Brutus' ambition stirred up the more by these seditious bills, did prick him forward and egg him on the more for a private quarrel he had conceived against Cæsar. Cæsar also had Cassius in great jealousy and suspected him much : whereupon he said on a time to his friends, " What will Cassius do, think ye ? I like not his pale looks." Another time when Cæsar's friends complained unto him of Antonius and Dolabella that they pretended some mischief towards him, he answered them again, " As for those fat men and smooth-combed heads," quoth he, " I never reckon of them ; but these pale-visaged and carrion lean people, I fear them most : " meaning Brutus and Cassius.

Certainly destiny may easier be foreseen than avoided, considering the strange and wonderful signs that were to be seen before Cæsar's death. For touching the fires in the element and spirits running up and down in the night and also the solitary birds to be seen at noondays sitting in the great market-place, are not all these signs perhaps worth the noting in such a wonderful chance as happened ? But Strabo the philosopher writeth that divers men were seen going up and down in fire : and furthermore, that there

was a slave of the soldiers that did cast a marvellous burning flame out of his hand, insomuch as they that saw it thought he had been burnt, but when the fire was out it was found he had no hurt. Cæsar himself, doing sacrifice unto the gods, found that one of the beasts which was sacrificed had no heart : and that was a strange thing in nature, how a beast could live without a heart. Furthermore, there was a certain soothsayer that had given Cæsar warning long time afore, to take heed of the day of the Ides of March (which is the fifteenth of the month), for on that day he should be in great danger. That day being come, Cæsar, going unto the Senate-house and speaking merrily unto the soothsayer, told him, " The Ides of March be come." " So be they," softly answered the soothsayer, " but yet are they not past." And the very day before, Cæsar, supping with Marcus Lepidus, sealed certain letters as he was wont to do at the board : so talk falling out amongst them, reasoning what death was best, he, preventing their opinions, cried out aloud, " Death unlooked for." Then going to bed the same night, as his manner was, and lying with his wife, Calpurnia, all the windows and doors of his chamber flying open, the noise awoke him, and made him afraid when he saw such light ; but more when he heard his wife, Calpurnia, being fast asleep, weep and sigh, and put forth many fumbling, lamentable speeches. For she dreamed that Cæsar was slain and that she had him in her arms. Others also do deny that she had any such dream, as amongst other Titus Livius writeth that it was in this sort. The Senate having set upon the top of Cæsar's house for an ornament and setting forth of the same a certain pinnacle, Calpurnia dreamed that she saw it broken down and that she thought she lamented and wept for it. Insomuch that Cæsar rising in the morning she prayed him if it were possible not to go out of the doors that day, but to adjourn the session of the Senate until an-

other day. And if that he made no reckoning of her dream, yet that he would search further of the soothsayers by their sacrifices to know what should happen him that day. Thereby it seemed that Cæsar likewise did fear and suspect somewhat, because his wife, Calpurnia, until that time was never given to any fear or superstition ; and then, for that he saw her so troubled in mind with this dream she had. But much more afterwards when the soothsayers having sacrificed many beasts one after another told him that none did like them : then he determined to send Antonius to adjourn the session of the Senate.

But in the meantime came Decius Brutus, surnamed Albinus, in whom Cæsar put such confidence that in his last will and testament he had appointed him to be his next heir, and yet was of the conspiracy with Cassius and Brutus : he, fearing that if Cæsar did adjourn the session that day the conspiracy would out, laughed the soothsayers to scorn and reproved Cæsar, saying that he gave the Senate occasion to mislike him, and that they might think he mocked them, considering that by his commandment they were assembled and that they were ready willingly to grant him all things and to proclaim him king of all the provinces of the empire of Rome out of Italy, and that he should wear his diadem in all other places both by sea and land. And furthermore that if any man should tell them from him that they should depart for that present time and return again when Calpurnia should have better dreams, what would his enemies and ill-willers say, and how could they like of his friends' words ? And who could persuade them otherwise but that they would think his dominion a slavery unto them and tyrannical in



himself? "And yet, if it be so," said he, "that you utterly dislike of this day, it is better that you go yourself in person and saluting the Senate to dismiss them till another time." Therewithal he took Cæsar by the hand and brought him out of his house.

Cæsar was not gone far from his house but a bond-man, a stranger, did what he could to speak with him; and when he saw he was put back by the great press and multitude of people that followed him, he went straight into his house and put himself into Calpurnia's hands to be kept till Cæsar came back again, telling her he had great matters to impart unto him. And one Artemidorus also, born in the island of Gnidos, a doctor of rhetoric in the Greek tongue, who by means of his profession was very familiar with certain of Brutus' confederates and therefore knew the most part of all their practices against Cæsar, came and brought him a little bill written with his own hand of all that he meant to tell him. He, marking how Cæsar received all the supplications that were offered him and that he gave them straight to his men that were about him, pressed nearer to him and said, "Cæsar, read this memorial to yourself and that quickly, for they be matters of great weight and touch you nearly." Cæsar took it of him, but could never read it, though he many times attempted it, for the number of people that did salute him; but holding it still in his hand, keeping it to himself, went on withal into the Senate-house. Howbeit other are of opinion that it was some man else that gave him that memorial and not Artemidorus, who did what he could all the way as he went to give it Cæsar, but he was always repulsed by the people.

For these things, they may seem to come by chance: but the place where the murder was prepared and where the Senate were assembled, and where also there stood up an image of Pompey dedicated by himself amongst other ornaments which he gave unto the theatre: all these were manifest proofs that it was the

ordinance of some god that made this treason to be executed specially in that very place. It is also reported that Cassius (though otherwise he did favour the doctrine of Epicurus) beholding the image of Pompey before they entered into the action of their traitorous enterprise, he did softly call upon it to aid him. But the instant danger of the present time, taking away his former reason, did suddenly put him into a furious passion and made him like a man half beside himself. Now Antonius, that was a faithful friend to Cæsar and a valiant man besides of his hands, him Decius Brutus Albinus entertained out of the Senate-house, having begun a long tale of set purpose. Then part of Brutus' company and confederates stood round about Cæsar's chair, and part of them also came towards him as though they made suit with Metellus Cimber, to call home his brother again from banishment: and thus, prosecuting still their suit, they followed Cæsar till he was set in his chair. Who denying their petitions and being offended with them one after another, because the more they were denied the more they pressed upon him and were the earnestest with him: Metellus at length taking his gown with both his hands, pulled it over his neck, which was the sign given the confederates to set upon him.

Then Casca behind him strake him in the neck with his sword: howbeit the wound was not great nor mortal, because it seemed the fear of such a devilish attempt did amaze him and take his strength from him, that he killed him not at the first blow. But Cæsar, turning straight unto him, caught hold of his sword and held it hard: and they both cried out, Cæsar in Latin, "O vile traitor Casca, what doest thou?" And Casca in Greek to his brother, "Brother, help me." At the beginning of this stir they that were present, not knowing of the conspiracy, were so amazed with the horrible sight they saw, they had no power to fly, neither to help him, not so much as

once to make any outcry. They on the other hand that had conspired his death compassed him in on every side with their swords drawn in their hands, that Cæsar turned him nowhere but he was stricken at by some, and still had naked swords in his face and was hacked and mangled among them as a wild beast taken of hunters. For it was agreed among them that every man should give him a wound, because all their parts should be in this murder : and then Brutus himself gave him a wound. Men report also that Cæsar did still defend himself against the rest, running every way with his body, but when he saw Brutus with his sword drawn in his hand, then he pulled his gown over his head and made no more resistance, and was driven either casually or purposely by the counsel of the conspirators against the base whereupon Pompey's image stood, which ran all of a gore-blood till he was slain. Thus it seemed that the image took just revenge of Pompey's enemy, being thrown down on the ground at his feet and yielding up his ghost there for the number of wounds he had upon him. For it is reported that he had three-and-twenty wounds upon his body, and divers of the conspirators did hurt themselves, striking one body with so many blows.

When Cæsar was slain, the Senate (though Brutus stood in the midst amongst them, as though he would have said somewhat touching this fact) presently ran out of the house, and flying filled all the city with marvellous fear and tumult. Insomuch as some did shut to their doors, others forsook their shops and warehouses, and others ran to the place to see what the matter was, and others also that had seen it ran home to their houses again. But Antonius and Lepidus, which were two of Cæsar's chiefest friends, secretly conveying themselves away, fled into other men's houses and forsook their own. Brutus and his confederates on the other side, being yet hot with this

murther they had committed, having their swords drawn in their hands, came all in a troop together out of the Senate and went into the market-place, not as men that made countenance to fly, but otherwise boldly holding up their heads like men of courage, and called to the people to defend their liberty and stayed to speak with every great personage whom they met in their way. Of them some followed this troop and went amongst them, as if they had been part of the conspiracy and falsely challenged part of the honour with them : amongst them was Caius Octavius and Lentulus Spinther. But both of them were afterwards put to death, for their vain covetousness of honour, by Antonius and Octavius Cæsar the younger : and yet had no part of the honour for the which they were put to death, neither did any man believe that they were any of the confederates or of counsel with them. For they that did put them to death took revenge rather of the will they had to offend than of any fact they had committed.

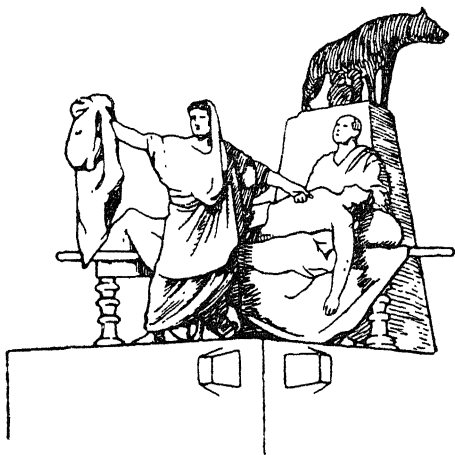
The next morning Brutus and his confederates came into the market-place to speak unto the people, who gave them such audience that it seemed they neither greatly reprov'd nor allowed the fact : for by their great silence they showed that they were sorry for Cæsar's death and also that they did reverence Brutus.

Now the Senate granted general pardon for all that was past, and to pacify every man ordained besides that Cæsar's funeral should be honoured as a god, and established all things that he had done, and gave certain provinces also and convenient honours unto Brutus and his confederates, whereby every man thought all things were brought to good peace and quietness again.

But when Cæsar's testament was openly read, whereby it appeared that he bequeathed unto every citizen of Rome 75 drachmas a man, and that he left his gardens and arbours unto the people which he had



on this side of the river Tiber in the place where now the temple of Fortune is built, the people then loved him and were marvellous sorry for him. Afterwards when Cæsar's body was brought into the market-place, Antonius making his funeral oration in praise of the dead, according to the ancient custom of Rome, and perceiving that his words moved the common people to compassion, he framed his eloquence to make their



hearts yearn the more : and taking Cæsar's gown all bloody in his hand he laid it open to the sight of them all, showing what a number of cuts and holes it had upon it. Therewithal the people fell presently into such a rage and mutiny that there was no more order kept amongst the common people. For some of them cried out, " Kill the murtherers ! " others plucked up forms, tables, and stalls about the market-place, as they had done before at the funeral of Clodius, and having laid them all on a heap together they set them

on fire, and thereupon did put the body of Cæsar and burnt it in the midst of the most holy places. And furthermore, when the fire was thoroughly kindled, some here some there took burning fire brands and ran with them to the murtherers' houses that killed him to set them on fire. Howbeit the conspirators, foreseeing the danger before, had wisely provided for themselves and fled.

There was one of Cæsar's friends called Cinna that had a marvellous strange and terrible dream the night before. He dreamed that Cæsar bade him to supper, and that he refused and would not go; then that Cæsar took him by the hand and led him against his will. Now Cinna, hearing at that time that they burnt Cæsar's body in the market-place, notwithstanding that he feared his dream, and had an ague on him besides, he went into the market-place to honour his funeral. When he came hither, one of the mean sort asked him what his name was. He was straight called by his name. The first man told it to another, and that other to another, so that it ran straight through them all that he was one of them that murthered Cæsar (for indeed one of the traitors to Cæsar was also called Cinna as himself). Wherefore, taking him for Cinna the murtherer, they fell upon him with such fury that they presently dispatched him in the market-place.

Cæsar died at six-and-fifty years of age. So he reaped no other fruit of all his reign and dominion, which he had so vehemently desired all his life and pursued with such extreme danger, but a vain name only, and a superficial glory that procured the envy and hatred of his country. But his great prosperity and good fortune, that favoured him all his lifetime, did continue afterwards in the revenge of his death, pursuing the murtherers both by sea and land, till they had not left a man more to be executed of all them that were actors or counsellors in the conspiracy

of his death. Furthermore, of all the chances that happen unto men upon the earth, that which came to Cassius above all other is most to be wondered at. For he, being overcome in battle at the journey of Philippi, slew himself with the same sword with the which he strake Cæsar.

Again of signs in the element the great comet which seven nights together was seen very bright after Cæsar's death the eighth night after was never seen more. Also the brightness of the sun was darkened, the which all that year through rose very pale and shined not out, whereby it gave but small heat : therefore the air being very cloudy and dark, by the weakness of the heat that could not come forth, did cause the earth to bring forth but raw and unripe fruit, which rotted before it could ripe.

But above all the ghost that appeared unto Brutus



showed plainly that the gods were offended with the murder of Cæsar. The vision was thus : Brutus, being ready to pass over his army from the city of Abydos to the other coast lying directly against it, slept every night (as his manner was) in his tent, and being yet awake thinking of his affairs (for by report he was as careful a captain and lived with as little sleep as ever man did),

he thought he heard a noise at his tent door, and looking towards the light of the lamp that waxed very dim he saw a horrible vision of a man of a wonderful greatness and dreadful look, which at the first made him marvellously afraid. But when he

saw that it did him no hurt, but stood by his bedside and said nothing, at length he asked him what he was. The image answered him, "I am thy ill angel, Brutus; and thou shalt see me by the city of Philippi." Then Brutus replied again and said, "Well, I shall see thee then!" Therewithal the spirit presently vanished from him.

After that time Brutus being in battle near unto the city of Philippi against Antonius and Octavius Cæsar, at the first battle he won the victory, and overthrowing all them that withstood him, he drave them into young Cæsar's camp, which he took. The second battle being at hand, this spirit appeared again unto him, but spake never a word. Thereupon Brutus, knowing he should die, did put himself to all hazard in battle, but yet fighting could not be slain. So seeing his men put to flight and overthrown, he ran unto a little rock not far off, and there setting his sword's point against his breast fell upon it and slew himself, but yet, as it is reported, with the help of his friend that dispatched him.

## THE DEATH OF CÆSAR

ROME. BEFORE THE CAPITOL; THE SENATE  
SITTING ABOVE

[*A crowd of people; among them ARTEMIDORUS and the SOOTHSAYER. Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and others.*]

Cæs. [*to the SOOTHSAYER*]. The ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar! read this schedule.

*Dec.* Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,  
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

*Art.* O Cæsar, read mine first ; for mine's a suit  
That touches Cæsar nearer : read it,  
great Cæsar.



*Cæs.* What touches us ourself shall  
be last served.

*Art.* Delay not, Cæsar ; read it instantly.

*Cæs.* What, is the fellow mad ?

*Pub.* Sirrah, give place.

*Cas.* What, urge you your petitions  
in the street ?

Come to the Capitol.

[CÆSAR goes up to the Senate-house,  
the rest following.]

*Pop.* I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

*Cas.* What enterprise, Popilius ?

*Pop.* Fare you well. [*Advances to CÆSAR.*]

*Bru.* What said Popilius Lena ?

*Cas.* He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.  
I fear our purpose is discovered.

*Bru.* Look, how he makes to Cæsar : mark him.

*Cas.* Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.  
Brutus, what shall be done ? If this be known,  
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,  
For I will slay myself.

*Bru.* Cassius, be constant :  
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes ;  
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

*Cas.* Trebonius knows his time ; for, look you,  
Brutus,  
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY and TREBONIUS.]

*Dec.* Where is Metellus Cimber ? Let him go,  
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

*Bru.* He is address'd : press near and second him.

*Cin.* Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

*Cæs.* Are we all ready? What is now amiss  
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

*Met.* Most high, most mighty, and most puissant  
Cæsar,  
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat  
An humble heart,— [Kneeling.

*Cæs.* I must prevent thee, Cimber.  
These couchings and these lowly courtesies  
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,  
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree  
Into the law of children. Be not fond,  
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood  
That will be thaw'd from the true quality  
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet  
words,

Low-crooked court'sies and base spaniel-fawning.  
Thy brother by decree is banished:  
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,  
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.  
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause  
Will he be satisfied.

*Met.* Is there no voice more worthy than my own,  
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear  
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

*Bru.* I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;  
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may  
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

*Cæs.* What, Brutus!

*Cas.* Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:  
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,  
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

*Cæs.* I could be well moved, if I were as you;  
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:  
But I am constant as the northern star,  
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality  
There is no fellow in the firmament.

The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,  
They are all fire and every one doth shine,  
But there's but one in all doth hold his place :  
So in the world ; 'tis furnish'd well with men,  
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive ;  
Yet in the number I do know but one  
That unassailable holds on his rank,  
Unshaked of motion : and that I am he,  
Let me a little show it, even in this ;  
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,  
And constant do remain to keep him so.

*Cin.* O Cæsar,—

*Cæs.* Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

*Dec.* Great Cæsar,—

*Cæs.* Doth not Brutus bootless kneel ?

*Casca.* Speak, hands, for me !

[CASCA first, then the other Conspirators and  
MARCUS BRUTUS stab CÆSAR.

*Cæs.* Et tu, Brute ! Then fall, Cæsar ! [*Dies.*

*Cin.* Liberty ! Freedom ! Tyranny is dead !

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

*Cas.* Some to the common pulpits, and cry out  
"Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!"

*Bru.* People and senators, be not affrighted ;  
Fly not ; stand still : ambition's debt is paid.

*Casca.* Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec.

And Cassius too.

*Bru.* Where's Publius ?

*Cin.* Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

*Met.* Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's  
Should chance—

*Bru.* Talk not of standing. Publius, good cheer ;  
There is no harm intended to your person,  
Nor to no Roman else : so tell them, Publius.

*Cas.* And leave us, Publius ; lest that the people,  
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

*Bru.* Do so : and let no man abide this deed,  
But we the doers.

[*Re-enter* TREBONIUS.]

*Cas.* Where is Antony?

*Tre.* Fled to his house amazed:

Men, wives and children stare, cry out and run  
As it were doomsday.

*Bru.* Fates, we will know your pleasures:  
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time  
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

*Cas.* Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life  
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

*Bru.* Grant that, and then is death a benefit:  
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridged  
His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,  
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood  
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:  
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,  
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,  
Let's all cry "Peace, freedom and liberty!"

*Cas.* Stoop, then, and wash. How many ages hence  
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over  
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!

*Bru.* How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,  
That now on Pompey's basis lies along  
No worthier than the dust!

*Cas.* So oft as that shall be,  
So often shall the knot of us be call'd  
The men that gave their country liberty.

*Dec.* What, shall we forth?

*Cas.* Ay, every man away:  
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels  
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

[*Enter a* SERVANT.]

*Bru.* Soft! who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

*Serv.* Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;  
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;  
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:



Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest ;  
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving :  
Say I love Brutus, and I honour him ;  
Say I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him and loved him.  
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony  
May safely come to him, and be resolved  
How Cæsar hath deserved to lie in death,  
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead  
So well as Brutus living ; but will follow  
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus  
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state  
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

*Bru.* Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;  
I never thought him worse.  
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,  
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,  
Depart untouch'd.

*Serv.* I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit*]

*Bru.* I know that we shall have him well to friend.

*Cas.* I wish we may : but yet have I a mind  
That fears him much ; and my misgiving still  
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

*Bru.* But here comes Antony.

[*Re-enter* ANTONY.]

Welcome, Mark Antony.

*Ant.* O mighty Cæsar ! dost thou lie so low ?  
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,  
Shrunk to this little measure ? Fare thee well.  
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,  
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank :  
If I myself, there is no hour so fit  
As Cæsar's death's hour, nor no instrument  
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich  
With the most noble blood of all this world.  
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,  
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,  
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,

I shall not find myself so apt to die :  
No place will please me so, no mean of death,  
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,  
The choice and master spirits of this age.

## THE ORATIONS

## THE FORUM

[*Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of CITIZENS.*]

*Citizens.* We will be satisfied ; let us be satisfied.

*Bru.* Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.  
Cassius, go you into the other street,  
And part the numbers.

Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here ;  
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him ;  
And public reasons shall be rendered  
Of Cæsar's death.

*First Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.

*Sec. Cit.* I will hear Cassius ; and compare their  
reasons,

When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit CASSIUS, with some of the CITIZENS.*

*BRUTUS goes into the pulpit.*

*Third Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended : silence !

*Bru.* Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers ! hear me for my  
cause, and be silent, that you may hear : believe me  
for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour,  
that you may believe : censure me in your wisdom,  
and awake your senses, that you may the better judge.  
If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of  
Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was  
no less than his. If then that friend demand why  
Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer :—Not  
that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more.

Had you rather Cæsar were living and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men ? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him ; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it ; as he was valiant, I honour him : but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love ; joy for his fortune ; honour for his valour ; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

*All.* None, Brutus, none.

*Bru.* Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol ; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

[*Enter ANTONY and others, with CÆSAR's body.*]

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony : who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth ; as which of you shall not ? With this I depart,—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

*All.* Live, Brutus ! live, live !

*First Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

*Sec. Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

*Third Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

*Fourth Cit.* Cæsar's better parts

Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

*First Cit.* We'll bring him to his house

With shouts and clamours.

*Bru.*

My countrymen,—

*Sec. Cit.* Peace, silence ! Brutus speaks.

*First Cit.*

Peace, ho !

*Bru.* Good countrymen, let me depart alone,

And, for my sake, stay here with Antony :

Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech

Tending to Cæsar's glories ; which Mark Antony,

By our permission, is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

[*Exit.*

*First Cit.* Stay, ho ! and let us hear Mark Antony.

*Third Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair ;

We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

*Ant.* For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

[*Goes into the pulpit.*

*Fourth Cit.* What does he say of Brutus ?

*Third Cit.*

He says, for Brutus' sake,

He finds himself beholding to us all.

*Fourth Cit.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

*First Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

*Third Cit.*

Nay, that's certain :

We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

*Sec. Cit.* Peace ! let us hear what Antony can say.

*Ant.* You gentle Romans,—

*Citizens.*

Peace, ho ! let us hear him.

*Ant.* Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears ;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them ;

The good is oft interred with their bones ;

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious :

If it were so, it was a grievous fault,

And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest—

For Brutus is an honourable man ;

So are they all, all honourable men—

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me :  
 But Brutus says he was ambitious ;  
 And Brutus is an honourable man.  
 He hath brought many captives home to Rome,  
 Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :  
 Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?  
 When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept :  
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :  
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;  
 And Brutus is an honourable man.  
 You all did see that on the Lupercal  
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown,  
 Which he did thrice refuse : was this ambition ?  
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;  
 And, sure, he is an honourable man.  
 I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,  
 But here I am to speak what I do know.  
 You all did love him once, not without cause :  
 What cause withholds you then, to mourn for him ?  
 O judgement ! thou art fled to brutish beasts,  
 And men have lost their reason. Bear with me ;  
 My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,  
 And I must pause till it come back to me.

*First Cit.* Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

*Sec. Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,  
 Cæsar has had great wrong.

*Third Cit.* Has he, masters ?  
 I fear there will a worse come in his place.

*Fourth Cit.* Mark'd ye his words ? He would not  
 take the crown ;

Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

*First Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

*Sec. Cit.* Poor soul ! his eyes are red as fire with  
 weeping.

*Third Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome than  
 Antony.

*Fourth Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

*Ant.* But yesterday the word of Cæsar might  
Have stood against the world ; now lies he there.  
And none so poor to do him reverence.  
O masters, if I were disposed to stir  
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,  
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,  
Who, you all know, are honourable men :  
I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose  
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,  
Than I will wrong such honourable men.  
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar ;  
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will :  
Let but the commons hear this testament—  
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—  
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds  
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,  
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,  
And, dying, mention it within their wills,  
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy  
Unto their issue.

*Fourth Cit.* We'll hear the will : read it, Mark Antony.

*All.* The will, the will ! we will hear Cæsar's will.

*Ant.* Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it ;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.  
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men ;  
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,  
It will inflame you, it will make you mad :  
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs ;  
For, if you should, O, what would come of it !

*Fourth Cit.* Read the will ; we'll hear it, Antony ;  
You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.

*Ant.* Will you be patient ? will you stay awhile ?  
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it :

I fear I wrong the honourable men

Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar ; I do fear it.

*Fourth Cit.* They were traitors ! honourable men !

*All.* The will ! the testament !

*Sec. Cit.* They were villains, murderers : the will !  
read the will.

*Ant.* You will compel me, then, to read the will ?  
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,  
And let me show you him that made the will.  
Shall I descend ? and will you give me leave ?

*Several Cit.* Come down.

*Sec. Cit.* Descend.

*Third Cit.* You shall have leave.

[ANTONY comes down.]

*Fourth Cit.* A ring ; stand round.

*First Cit.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the  
body.

*Sec. Cit.* Room for Antony, most noble Antony !

*Ant.* Nay, press not so upon me ; stand far off.

*Several Cit.* Stand back ; room ; bear back.

*Ant.* If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.  
You all do know this mantle : I remember  
The first time ever Cæsar put it on ;  
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,  
That day he overcame the Nervii :  
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through :  
See what a rent the envious Casca made :  
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd ;  
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,  
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,  
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved  
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no ;  
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel :  
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him !  
This was the most unkindest cut of all ;  
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,  
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,  
Quite vanquish'd him : then burst his mighty heart  
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,  
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,  
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !  
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,  
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.  
O, now you weep ; and, I perceive, you feel  
The dint of pity : these are gracious drops.  
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold  
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look you here,  
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

*First Cit.* O piteous spectacle !

*Sec. Cit.* O noble Cæsar !

*Third Cit.* O woful day !

*Fourth Cit.* O traitors, villains !

*First Cit.* O most bloody sight !

*Sec. Cit.* We will be revenged.

*All.* Revenge ! About ! Seek ! Burn ! Fire ! Kill !  
Slay !

Let not a traitor live !



## TWELFTH NIGHT

SEBASTIAN and his sister Viola, a young gentleman and lady of Messaline, were twins, and (which was accounted a great wonder) from their birth they so much resembled each other that, but for the difference in their dress, they could not be known apart. They were both born in one hour, and in one hour they were both in danger of perishing, for they were shipwrecked on the coast of Illyria as they were making a sea-voyage together. The ship on board of which they were split on a rock in a violent storm, and a very small number of the ship's company escaped with their lives. The captain of the vessel, with a few of the sailors that were saved, got to land in a small boat, and with them they brought Viola safe on shore, where she, poor lady, instead of rejoicing at her own deliverance, began to lament her brother's loss : but the captain comforted her with the assurance that he had seen her brother, when the ship split, fasten himself to a strong mast, on which, as long as he could see anything of him for the distance, he perceived him borne up above the waves. Viola was much consoled by the hope this account gave her, and now considered how she was to dispose of herself in a strange country so far from home, and she asked the captain if he knew anything of Illyria. " Ay, very well, madam," replied the captain, " for I was born not three hours' travel from this place." " Who governs here ? " said Viola. The captain told her Illyria was governed by Orsino, a duke noble in nature as well as dignity. Viola said she had heard her father speak of this Orsino, and that

he was unmarried then. "And he is so now," replied the captain; "or was so very lately; for but a month ago I went from here, and then it was the general talk (as you know what great ones do the people will prattle of) that Orsino sought the love of fair Olivia, a virtuous maid, the daughter of a count who died twelve months ago, leaving Olivia to the protection of her brother, who shortly after died also; and for the love of this dear brother, they say, she has abjured the sight and company of men." Viola, who was herself in such a sad affliction for her brother's loss, wished she could live with this lady who so tenderly mourned a brother's death. She asked the captain if he could introduce her to Olivia, saying she would willingly serve this lady. But he replied this would be a hard thing to accomplish, because the Lady Olivia would admit no person into her house since her brother's death, not even the duke himself. Then Viola formed another project in her mind, which was, in a man's habit, to serve the Duke Orsino as a page. It was a strange fancy in a young lady to put on male attire and pass for a boy, but the forlorn and unprotected state of Viola, who was young and of uncommon beauty, alone, and in a foreign land, must plead her excuse.

She having observed a fair behaviour in the captain, and that he showed a friendly concern for her welfare, entrusted him with her design, and he readily engaged to assist her. Viola gave him money, and directed him to furnish her with suitable apparel, ordering her clothes to be made of the same colour and in the same fashion her brother Sebastian used to wear, and when she was dressed in her manly garb she looked so exactly like her brother, that some strange errors happened by means of their being mistaken for each other; for, as will afterwards appear, Sebastian was also saved.

Viola's good friend, the captain, when he had trans-

formed this pretty lady into a gentleman, having some interest at court, got her presented to Orsino under the feigned name of Cesario. The duke was wonderfully pleased with the address and graceful deportment of this handsome youth, and made Cesario one of his pages, that being the office Viola wished to obtain : and she so well fulfilled the duties of her new station, and showed such a ready observance and faithful attachment to her lord, that she soon became his most favoured attendant. To Cesario Orsino confided the whole history of his love for the Lady Olivia. To Cesario he told the long and unsuccessful suit he had made to one who, rejecting his long services, and despising his person, refused to admit him to her presence ; and for love of this lady, who had so unkindly treated him, the noble Orsino, forsaking the sports of the field and all manly exercises in which he used to delight, passed his hours in ignoble sloth, listening to the effeminate sounds of soft music, gentle airs, and passionate love songs ; and, neglecting the company of the wise and learned lords with whom he used to associate, he was now all day long conversing with young Cesario. Unmeet companion no doubt his grave courtiers thought Cesario was for their once noble master, the great Duke Orsino.

It is a dangerous matter for young maidens to be the confidants of handsome young dukes ; which Viola too soon found to her sorrow, for all that Orsino told her he endured for Olivia she presently perceived she suffered for the love of him ; and much it moved her wonder that Olivia could be so regardless of this her peerless lord and master, whom she thought no one should behold without the deepest admiration, and she ventured gently to hint to Orsino that it was a pity he should affect a lady who was so blind to his worthy qualities ; and she said, “ If a lady were to love you, my lord, as you love Olivia (and perhaps there may be one who does), if you could not love her

in return, would you not tell her that you could not love, and must not she be content with this answer ? ” But Orsino would not admit of this reasoning, for he denied that it was possible for any woman to love as he did. He said no woman’s heart was big enough to hold so much love, and therefore it was unfair to compare the love of any lady for him to his love for Olivia. Now, though Viola had the utmost deference for the duke’s opinions, she could not help thinking this was not quite true, for she thought her heart had full as much love in it as Orsino’s had, and she said, “ Ah ! but I know, my lord—— ” — “ What do you know, Cesario ? ” said Orsino. “ Too well I know,” replied Viola, “ what love women may owe to men. They are as true of heart as we are. My father had a daughter who loved a man as I, perhaps, were I a woman, should love your lordship.” — “ And what is her history ? ” said Orsino. “ A blank, my lord,” replied Viola : “ she never told her love, but let concealment, like a worm in the bud, prey on her damask cheek. She pined in thought, and, with a green and yellow melancholy, she sat like Patience on a monument, smiling at Grief.” The duke inquired if this lady died of her love ; but to this question Viola returned an evasive answer, as probably she had feigned the story, to speak words expressive of the secret love and silent grief she suffered for Orsino.

While they were talking, a gentleman entered whom the duke had sent to Olivia, and he said, “ So please you, my lord, I might not be admitted to the lady, but by her handmaid she returned you this answer : ‘ Until seven years hence, the element itself shall not behold her face ; but, like a cloistress, she will walk veiled, watering her chamber with her tears for the sad remembrance of her dead brother.’ ” On hearing this the duke exclaimed, “ Oh ! she that has a heart of this fine frame, to pay this debt of love to a dead brother, how will she love, when the rich golden shaft

has touched her heart ! ” And then he said to Viola, “ You know, Cesario, I have told you all the secrets of my heart ; therefore, good youth, go to Olivia’s house. Be not denied access ; stand at her doors, and tell her there your fixed foot shall grow till you have audience.”—“ And if I do speak to her, my lord, what then ? ” said Viola. “ Oh, then,” replied Orsino, “ unfold to her the passion of my love. Make a long discourse to her of my dear faith. It will well become you to act my woes, for she will attend more to you than to one of graver aspect.”

Away then went Viola ; but not willingly did she undertake this courtship, for she was to woo a lady to become a wife to him she wished to marry ; but having undertaken the affair, she performed it with fidelity ; and Olivia soon heard that a youth was at her door who insisted upon being admitted to her presence. “ I told him,” said the servant, “ that you were sick : he said he knew you were, and therefore he came to speak with you. I told him that you were asleep : he seemed to have a foreknowledge of that too, and said that therefore he must speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady ? for he seems fortified against all denial, and will speak with you, whether you will or no.” Olivia, curious to see who this peremptory messenger might be, desired he might be admitted ; and throwing her veil over her face, she said she would once more hear Orsino’s embassy, not doubting but that he came from the duke by his importunity. Viola entering, put on the most manly air she could assume, and affecting the fine courtier language of great men’s pages, she said to the veiled lady, “ Most radiant, exquisite, and matchless beauty, I pray you tell me if you are the lady of the house, for I should be sorry to cast away my speech upon another ; for besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to learn it.”—“ Whence come you, sir ? ” said Olivia. “ I can say little more than

I have studied," replied Viola ; " and that question is out of my part."—" Are you a comedian ? " said Olivia. " No," replied Viola ; " and yet I am not that which I play ; " meaning that she, being a woman, feigned herself to be a man. And again she asked Olivia if she were the lady of the house. Olivia said she was ; and then Viola, having more curiosity to see her rival's features than haste to deliver her master's message, said, " Good madam, let me see your face." With this bold request Olivia was not averse to comply ; for this haughty beauty, whom the Duke Orsino had loved so long in vain, at first sight conceived a passion for the supposed page, the humble Cesario.

When Viola asked to see her face, Olivia said, " Have you any commission from your lord and master to negotiate with my face ? " And then, forgetting her determination to go veiled for seven long years, she drew aside her veil, saying, " But I will draw the curtain and show the picture. Is it not well done ? " Viola replied, " It is beauty truly mixed ; the red and white upon your cheeks is by Nature's own cunning hand laid on. You are the most cruel lady living, if you will lead these graces to the grave, and leave the world no copy." " Oh, sir," replied Olivia, " I will not be so cruel. The world may have an inventory of my beauty. As, *item*, two lips, indifferent red ; *item*, two gray eyes, with lids to them ; one neck ; one chin, and so forth. Were you sent here to praise me ? " Viola replied, " I see what you are ; you are too proud, but you are fair. My lord and master loves you. Oh, could such a love but be recompensed, though you were crowned the queen of beauty ; for Orsino loves you with adoration and with tears, with groans that thunder love, and sighs of fire." " Your lord," said Olivia, " knows well my mind. I cannot love him ; yet I doubt not he is virtuous : I know him to be noble and of high estate, of fresh and

spotless youth. All voices proclaim him learned, courteous, and valiant ; yet I cannot love him, he might have taken his answer long ago.”—“ If I did love you as my master does,” said Viola, “ I would make me a willow cabin at your gates, and call upon your name. I would write complaining sonnets on Olivia, and sing them in the dead of the night ; your name should sound among the hills, and I would make Echo, the babbling gossip of the air, cry out, *Olivia !* Oh, you should not rest between the elements of earth and air, but you should pity me.”—“ You might do much,” said Olivia : “ what is your parentage ? ” Viola replied, “ Above my fortunes, yet my state is well. I am a gentleman.” Olivia now reluctantly dismissed Viola, saying, “ Go to your master, and tell him I cannot love him. Let him send no more, unless perchance you come again to tell me how he takes it.” And Viola departed, bidding the lady farewell by the name of Fair Cruelty. When she was gone, Olivia repeated the words, *Above my fortunes, yet my state is well. I am a gentleman.* And she said aloud, “ I will be sworn he is ; his tongue, his face, his limbs, action, and spirit, plainly show he is a gentleman.” And then she wished Cesario was the duke ; and perceiving the fast hold he had taken on her affections, she blamed herself for her sudden love ; but the gentle blame which people lay upon their own faults has no deep root, and presently the noble Lady Olivia so far forgot the inequality between her fortunes and those of this seeming page, as well as the maidenly reserve which is the chief ornament of a lady’s character, that she resolved to court the love of young Cesario, and sent a servant after him with a diamond ring, under the pretence that he had left it with her as a present from Orsino. She hoped by thus artfully making Cesario a present of the ring, she should give him some intimation of her design ; and truly it did make Viola suspect, for knowing that Orsino had sent no ring by

her, she began to recollect that Olivia's looks and manner were expressive of admiration, and she presently guessed her master's mistress had fallen in love with her. "Alas!" said she, "the poor lady might as well love a dream. Disguise I see is wicked, for it has caused Olivia to breathe as fruitless sighs for me as I do for Orsino."

Viola returned to Orsino's palace, and related to her lord the ill success of the negotiation, repeating the command of Olivia that the duke should trouble her no more. Yet still the duke persisted in hoping that the gentle Cesario would in time be able to persuade her to show some pity, and therefore he bade him he should go to her again the next day. In the meantime, to pass away the tedious interval, he commanded a song which he loved to be sung; and he said, "My good Cesario, when I heard that song last night, methought it did relieve my passion much. Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain. The spinsters and the knitters when they sit in the sun, and the young maids that weave their thread with bone, chant this song. It is silly, yet I love it, for it tells of the innocence of love in the old times."

## SONG

Come away, come away, Death !  
And in sad cypress let me be laid ;  
Fly away, fly away, breath !  
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.  
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,  
Oh, prepare it,  
My part of death, no one so true  
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,  
On my black coffin let there be strown :  
Not a friend, not a friend greet  
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be  
thrown.



A thousand thousand sighs to save,  
Lay me, oh, where  
Sad true lover never finds my grave,  
To weep there.

Viola did not fail to mark the words of the old song, which in such true simplicity described the pangs of unrequited love ; and she bore testimony in her countenance of feeling what the song expressed. Her sad looks were observed by Orsino, who said to her, " My life upon it, Cesario, though you are so young, your eye has looked upon some face that it loves ; has it not, boy ? "—" A little, with your leave," replied Viola. " And what kind of woman, and of what age is she ? " said Orsino. " Of your age, and of your complexion, my lord," said Viola ; which made the duke smile to hear this fair young boy loved a woman so much older than himself and of a man's dark complexion ; but Viola secretly meant Orsino, and not a woman like him.

When Viola made her second visit to Olivia, she found no difficulty in gaining access to her. Servants soon discover when their ladies delight to converse with handsome young messengers ; and the instant Viola arrived, the gates were thrown wide open, and the duke's page was shown into Olivia's apartment with great respect ; and when Viola told Olivia that she was come once more to plead in her lord's behalf, this lady said, " I desired you never to speak of him again ; but if you would undertake another suit, I had rather hear you solicit than music from the spheres." This was pretty plain speaking, but Olivia soon explained herself still more plainly, and openly confessed her love ; and when she saw displeasure with perplexity expressed in Viola's face, she said, " Oh, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful in the contempt and anger of his lip ! Cesario, by the roses of the spring, by maidhood, honour, and by truth, I love you

so, that, in spite of your pride, I have neither wit nor reason to conceal my passion." But in vain the lady wooed : Viola hastened from her presence, threatening never more to come to plead Orsino's love ; and all the reply she made to Olivia's fond solicitations was a declaration of a resolution *Never to love any woman.*

No sooner had Viola left the lady than a claim was made upon her valour. A gentleman, a rejected suitor of Olivia, who had learned how that lady had favoured the duke's messenger, challenged him to fight a duel. What should poor Viola do, who, though she carried a man-like outside, had a true woman's heart, and feared to look on her own sword ?

When she saw her formidable rival advancing towards her with his sword drawn, she began to think of confessing that she was a woman ; but she was relieved at once from her terror, and the shame of such a discovery, by a stranger that was passing by, who made up to them, and as if he had been long known to her, and were her dearest friend, said to her opponent, " If this young gentleman has done offence, I will take the fault on me ; and if you offend him, I will for his sake defy you." Before Viola had time to thank him for his protection, or to inquire the reason of his kind interference, her new friend met with an enemy where his bravery was of no use to him ; for the officers of justice coming up at that instant, apprehended the stranger in the duke's name to answer for an offence he had committed some years before ; and he said to Viola, " This comes with seeking you : " and then he asked her for a purse, saying, " Now my necessity makes me ask for my purse, and it grieves me much more for what I cannot do for you, than for what befalls myself. You stand amazed, but be of comfort." His words did indeed amaze Viola, and she protested she knew him not, nor had ever received a purse from him : but for the kindness he had just

shown her, she offered him a small sum of money, being nearly the whole she possessed. And now the stranger spoke severe things, charging her with ingratitude and unkindness. He said, "This youth whom you see here I snatched from the jaws of death, and for his sake alone I came to Illyria, and have fallen into this danger." But the officers cared little for hearkening to the complaints of their prisoner, and they hurried him off, saying, "What is that to us?" And as he was carried away he called Viola by the name of Sebastian, reproaching the supposed Sebastian for disowning his friend, as long as he was within hearing. When Viola heard herself called Sebastian, though the stranger was taken away too hastily for her to ask an explanation, she conjectured that this seeming mystery might arise from her being mistaken for her brother; and she began to cherish hopes that it was her brother whose life this man said he had preserved. And so indeed it was. The stranger, whose name was Antonio, was a sea captain. He had taken Sebastian up into his ship when, almost exhausted with fatigue, he was floating on the mast to which he had fastened himself in the storm. Antonio conceived such a friendship for Sebastian that he resolved to accompany him whithersoever he went; and when the youth expressed a curiosity to visit Orsino's court, Antonio, rather than part from him, came to Illyria, though he knew if his person should be known there his life would be in danger, because in a sea-fight he had once dangerously wounded the Duke Orsino's nephew. This was the offence for which he was now made prisoner.

Antonio and Sebastian had landed together but a few hours before Antonio met Viola. He had given his purse to Sebastian, desiring him to use it freely if he saw anything he wished to purchase, telling him he would wait at the inn while Sebastian went to view the town; but Sebastian not returning at the time

appointed, Antonio had ventured out to look for him, and Viola being dressed the same, and in face so exactly resembling her brother, Antonio drew his sword (as he thought) in defence of the youth he had saved, and when Sebastian (as he supposed) disowned him, and denied him his own purse, no wonder he accused him of ingratitude.

Viola, when Antonio was gone, fearing a second invitation to fight, slunk home as fast as she could. She had not been long gone, when her adversary thought he saw her return ; but it was her brother Sebastian, who happened to arrive at this place ; and he said, " Now, sir, have I met with you again ? There's for you ! " and struck Sebastian a blow. Sebastian was no coward ; he returned the blow with interest and drew his sword.

A lady now put a stop to this duel, for Olivia came out of the house, and she, too, mistaking Sebastian for Cesario, invited him to come into her house, expressing much sorrow at the rude attack he had met with. Though Sebastian was as much surprised at the courtesy of the lady as the rudeness of his unknown foe, yet he went very willingly into the house, and Olivia was delighted to find Cesario (as she thought him) become more sensible of her attentions ; for though their features were exactly the same, there was none of the contempt and anger to be seen in his face, which she had complained of when she told her love to Cesario.

Sebastian did not at all object to the fondness the lady lavished on him. He seemed to take it in very good part, yet he wondered how it had come to pass, and he was rather inclined to think Olivia was not in her right senses ; but perceiving that she was mistress of a fine house, and that she ordered her affairs and seemed to govern her family discreetly, and that in all but her sudden love for him she appeared in the full possession of her reason, he well approved of the courtship ; and Olivia, finding Cesario in this good humour,

and fearing he might change his mind, proposed that, as she had a priest in the house, they should be instantly married. Sebastian assented to this proposal ; and when the marriage ceremony was over, he left his lady for a short time, intending to go and tell his friend Antonio the good fortune that he had met with. In the meantime Orsino came to visit Olivia, and at the moment he arrived before Olivia's house the officers of justice brought their prisoner Antonio before the duke. Viola was with Orsino, her master ; and when Antonio saw Viola, whom he still imagined to be Sebastian, he told the duke in what manner he had rescued this youth from the perils of the sea ; and after fully relating all the kindness he had really shown to Sebastian, he ended his complaint with saying that for three months, both day and night, this ungrateful youth had been with him. But now, the Lady Olivia coming forth from her house, the duke could no longer attend to Antonio's story, and he said, " Here comes the countess : now heaven walks on earth ! but for thee, fellow, thy words are madness ; three months has this youth attended on me ! " and then he ordered Antonio to be taken aside. But Orsino's heavenly countess soon gave the duke cause to accuse Cesario as much of ingratitude as Antonio had done, for all the words he could hear Olivia speak were words of kindness to Cesario ; and when he found his page had obtained this high place in Olivia's favour, he threatened him with all the terrors of his just revenge. And as he was going to depart he called Viola to follow him, saying, " Come, boy, with me ; my-thoughts are ripe for mischief." Though it seemed in his jealous rage he was going to doom Viola to instant death, yet her love made her no longer a coward, and she said she would most joyfully suffer death to give her master ease. But Olivia would not so lose her husband, and she cried, " Where goes my Cesario ? " Viola replied, " After him I love more than my life." Olivia, how-

ever, prevented their departure by loudly proclaiming that Cesario was her husband, and sent for the priest, who declared that not two hours had passed since he had married the Lady Olivia to this young man. In vain Viola protested she was not married to Olivia ; the evidence of that lady and the priest made Orsino believe that his page had robbed him of the treasure he prized above his life. But thinking that it was past recall, he was bidding farewell to his faithless mistress and the *young dissembler*, her husband, as he called Viola, warning her never to come in his sight again, when (as it seemed to them) a miracle appeared ! for another Cesario entered and addressed Olivia as his wife. This new Cesario was Sebastian, the real husband of Olivia ; and when their wonder had a little ceased at seeing two persons with the same face, the same voice, and the same habit, the brother and sister began to question each other ; for Viola could scarce be persuaded that her brother was living, and Sebastian knew not how to account for the sister he supposed drowned being found in the habit of a young man. But Viola presently acknowledged that she was indeed Viola, and his sister, under that disguise.

When all the errors were cleared up which the extreme likeness between this twin brother and sister had occasioned, they laughed at the Lady Olivia for the pleasant mistake she had made in falling in love with a woman ; and Olivia showed no dislike to her exchange, when she found she had wedded the brother instead of the sister.

The hopes of Orsino were for ever at an end by this marriage of Olivia, and with his hopes all his fruitless love seemed to vanish away, and all his thoughts were fixed on the event of his favourite, young Cesario, being changed into a fair lady. He viewed Viola with great attention, and he remembered how very handsome he had always thought Cesario was, and he concluded she would look very beautiful in a woman's

attire ; and then he remembered how often she had said *she loved him*, which at the time seemed only the dutiful expressions of a faithful page, but now he guessed that something more was meant, for many of her pretty sayings, which were like riddles to him, came now into his mind, and he no sooner remembered all these things than he resolved to make Viola his wife ; and he said to her (he still could not help calling her *Cesario* and *boy*), " Boy, you have said to me a thousand times that you should never love a woman like to me ; and for the faithful service you have done for me so much beneath your soft and tender breeding, and since you have called me master so long, you shall now be your master's mistress and Orsino's true duchess."

Olivia, perceiving Orsino was making over that heart, which she had so ungraciously rejected, to Viola, invited them to enter her house, and offered the assistance of the good priest who had married her to Sebastian in the morning to perform the same ceremony in the remaining part of the day for Orsino and Viola. Thus the twin brother and sister were both wedded on the same day ; the storm and shipwreck which had separated them being the means of bringing to pass their high and mighty fortunes. Viola was the wife of Orsino, the duke of Illyria, and Sebastian the husband of the rich and noble countess, the Lady Olivia.

## " SMILING AT GRIEF "

### THE DUKE'S PALACE

[*Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and others.*]

*Duke.* Give me some music. Now, good morrow, friends.

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,  
That old and antique song we heard last night :  
Methought it did relieve my passion much,  
More than light airs and recollected terms  
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times :  
Come, but one verse.

*Cur.* He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

*Duke.* Who was it ?

*Cur.* Feste, the jester, my lord ; a fool that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the house.

*Duke.* Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

[*Exit CURIO. Music plays.*]

Come hither, boy : if ever thou shalt love,  
In the sweet pangs of it remember me ;  
For such as I am all true lovers are,  
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,  
Save in the constant image of the creature  
That is beloved. How dost thou like this tune ?

*Vio.* It gives a very echo to the seat  
Where Love is throned.

*Duke.* Thou dost speak masterly :  
My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye  
Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves :  
Hath it not, boy ?

*Vio.* A little, by your favour.

*Duke.* What kind of woman is't ?

*Vio.* Of your complexion.

*Duke.* She is not worth thee, then. What years,  
i'faith ?

*Vio.* About your years, my lord.

*Duke.* Too old, by heaven : let still the woman  
take

An elder than herself : so wears she to him,  
So sways she level in her husband's heart :  
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,  
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,



More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,  
Than women's are.

*Vio.* I think it well, my lord.

*Duke.* Then let thy love be younger than thyself,  
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent ;  
For women are as roses, whose fair flower  
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

*Vio.* And so they are : alas, that they are so ;  
To die, even when they to perfection grow !

[*Re-enter* CURIO and CLOWN.]

*Duke.* O, fellow, come, the song we had last night.  
Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain ;  
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun  
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones  
Do use to chant it : it is silly sooth,  
And dallies with the innocence of love,  
Like the old age.

*Clo.* Are you ready, sir ?

*Duke.* Ay ; prithee, sing.

[*Music.*

#### SONG

*Clo.* Come away, come away, death,  
And in sad cypress let me be laid ;  
Fly away, fly away, breath ;  
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.  
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,  
O, prepare it !  
My part of death, no one so true  
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,  
On my black coffin let there be strown ;  
Not a friend, not a friend greet  
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown :  
A thousand thousand sighs to save,  
Lay me, O, where  
Sad true lover never find my grave,  
To weep there !

*Duke.* There's for thy pains.

*Clo.* No pains, sir ; I take pleasure in singing, sir.

*Duke.* I'll pay thy pleasure then.

*Clo.* Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.

*Duke.* Give **me** now leave to leave thee.

*Clo.* Now, the melancholy god protect thee ; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal. I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing and their intent every where ; for that's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell. [Exit.]

*Duke.* Let all the rest give place.

[CURIO and ATTENDANTS retire.]

Once more, Cesario,

Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty :

Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,

Prizes not quantity of dirty lands ;

The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,

Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune ;

But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems

That nature pranks her in attracts my soul.

*Vio.* But if she cannot love you, sir ?

*Duke.* I cannot be so answer'd.

*Vio.* Sooth, but you must.

Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,

Hath for your love as great a pang of heart

As you have for Olivia : you cannot love her ;

You tell her so ; must she not then be answer'd ?

*Duke.* There is no woman's sides

Can bide the beating of so strong a passion

As love doth give my heart ; no woman's heart

So big, to hold so much ; they lack retention.

Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,

No motion of the liver, but the palate,

That suffer surfeit, cloyment and revolt ;

But mine is all as hungry as the sea,

And can digest as much : make no compare  
Between that love a woman can bear me  
And that I owe Olivia.

*Vio.* Av, but I know—

*Duke.* What dost thou know?

*Vio.* Too well what love women to men may owe :  
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.  
My father had a daughter loved a man,  
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,  
I should your lordship.

*Duke.* And what's her history?

*Vio.* A blank, my lord. She never told her love,  
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,  
Feed on her damask cheek : she pined in thought,  
And with a green and yellow melancholy  
She sat like patience on a monument,  
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed ?  
We men may say more, swear more : but indeed  
Our shows are more than will ; for still we prove  
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

*Duke.* But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

*Vio.* I am all the daughters of my father's house,  
And all the brothers too : and yet I know not.  
Sir, shall I to this lady ?

*Duke.* Ay, that's the theme.

To her in haste ; give her this jewel ; say,  
My love can give no place, bide no denay.

## RICHARD THE THIRD

ONCE again Shakespeare turns to Holinshed for his story, and follows him somewhat closely so far as the facts are concerned ; but he makes Richard Crookback a living, moving, desperate figure of wickedness, and he makes his play centre round the story of the Little Princes in the Tower, one of the first history stories told to us, though no one is certain what happened to them. Here is Holinshed's story of the Council scene where Richard deals with Hastings, who stands in the way of his ambition, followed on page 204 by Shakespeare's rendering of the story.

### THE COUNCIL AT THE TOWER

On the Friday many lords assembled in the Tower and there sat in council, devising the honourable solemnity of the king's coronation ; of which the time appointed then so near approached that the pageants and subtilties were in making day and night at Westminster, and much victuals killed therefore, that afterwards was cast away. These lords, so sitting together communing of this matter, the protector came in amongst them, first about nine of the clock, saluting them courteously, and excusing himself that he had been from them so long ; saying merrily that he had been a sleeper that day.

After a little talking with them, he said unto the Bishop of Ely, " My lord, you have very good straw-

berries at your garden in Holborn ; I require you let us have a mess of them." " Gladly, my lord " (quoth he) ; " would God I had some better thing as ready to your pleasure as that ! " And therewithal in all the haste he sent his servant for a mess of strawberries. The protector set the lords fast in communing, and thereupon, praying them to spare him for a little while, departed thence. And soon after one hour, between ten and eleven, he returned into the chamber amongst them, all changed with a wonderful sour, angry countenance, knitting the brows, frowning and fretting, and gnawing on his lips ; and so sat him down in his place.

All the lords were much dismayed, and sore marvelled at this manner of sudden change, and what thing should him ail. Then, when he had sitten still a while, thus he began : " What were they worthy to have that compass and imagine the destruction of me, being so near of blood unto the king, and protector of his royal person and his realm ? " At this question all the lords sat sore astonished, musing much by whom this question should be meant, of which every man wist himself clear. Then the lord chamberlain (as he that for the love between them thought he might be boldest with him) answered and said, that they were worthy to be punished as heinous traitors, whatsoever they were. And all the other affirmed the same. " That is " (quoth he), " yonder sorceress, my brother's wife, and others with her " (meaning the queen).

At these words many of the other lords were greatly abashed that favoured her. But the Lord Hastings was in his mind better content, that it was moved by her, than by any other whom he loved better : albeit his heart somewhat grudged, that he was not afore made of council in this matter, as he was of the taking of her kindred, and of their putting to death, which were by his assent before devised to be beheaded at

Pomfret this selfsame day : in which he was not ware that it was by others devised that he himself should be beheaded the same day at London. Then said the protector, "Ye shall all see in what wise that sorceress and that other witch of her counsel, Shore's wife, with their affinity, have, by their sorcery and witchcraft, wasted my body." And therewith he plucked up his doublet sleeve to his elbow, upon his left arm, where he showed a weevish withered arm and small ; as it was never other.

Hereupon every man's mind sore misgave them, well perceiving that this matter was but a quarrel. For they well wist that the queen was too wise to go about any such folly. And also, if she would, yet would she, of all folk least, make Shore's wife of her counsel : whom of all women she most hated, as that concubine whom the king her husband had most loved. And also, no man was there present, but knew well that his arm was ever such since his birth. Nevertheless the lord chamberlain answered and said, "Certainly, my lord, if they have so heinously done, they be worthy heinous punishment."

"What" (quoth the protector), "thou servest me, I ween, with 'ifs' and with 'ands' : I tell thee they have so done, and that I will make good on thy body, traitor !" And therewith, as in a great anger, he clapped his fist upon the board a great rap. At which token one cried, "Treason !" without the chamber. Therewith a door clapped, and in come there rushing men in harness, as many as the chamber might hold. And anon the protector said to the Lord Hastings, "I arrest thee, traitor !" "What, me, my lord ?" quoth he. "Yea, thee, traitor !" quoth the protector. . . .

Then were they all quickly bestowed in divers chambers, except the lord chamberlain, whom the protector bade speed and shrive him apace ; "For, by St. Paul" (quoth he), "I will not to dinner till I

see thy head off ! ” It booted him not to ask why, but heavily he took a priest of adventure and made a short shrift ; for a longer would not be suffered, the protector made so much haste to dinner, which he might not go to, until this were done, for saving of his oath. . . .

So was he brought forth to the green beside the chapel within the Tower ; and his head laid down upon a long log of timber, and there stricken off.

## THE COUNCIL SCENE

### THE TOWER OF LONDON

[*Enter BUCKINGHAM, DERBY, HASTINGS, the BISHOP OF ELY, RATCLIFF, LOVEL, with others, and take their seats at a table.*]

*Hast.* My lords, at once : the cause why we are met  
Is, to determine of the coronation.

In God's name, speak : when is the royal day ?

*Buck.* Are all things fitting for that royal time ?

*Der.* It is, and wants but nomination.

*Ely.* To-morrow, then, I judge a happy day.

*Buck.* Who knows the lord protector's mind here-  
in ?

Who is most inward with the noble duke ?

*Ely.* Your grace, we think, should soonest know his  
mind.

*Buck.* Who, I, my lord ! we know each other's faces,  
But for our hearts, he knows no more of mine  
Than I of yours ;

Nor I no more of his, than you of mine.

Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

*Hast.* I thank his grace, I know he loves me well ;  
But, for his purpose in the coronation,

I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd  
His gracious pleasure any way therein :  
But you, my noble lords, may name the time :  
And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,  
Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

[*Enter GLOUCESTER.*]

*Ely.* Now, in good time, here comes the duke himself.

*Glou.* My noble lords and cousins all, good morrow  
I have been long a sleeper ; but, I hope,  
My absence doth neglect no great designs,  
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

*Buck.* Had not you come upon your cue, my lord,  
William Lord Hastings had pronounced your part,—  
I mean, your voice,—for crowning of the king.

*Glou.* Than my Lord Hastings no man might be  
bolder ;  
His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.

*Hast.* I thank your grace.

*Glou.* My lord of Ely !

*Ely.* My lord ?

*Glou.* When I was last in Holborn,  
I saw good strawberries in your garden there :  
I do beseech you send for some of them.

*Ely.* Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart.

[*Exit.*]

*Glou.* Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.

[*Drawing him aside.*]

Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business,  
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,  
As he will lose his head ere give consent  
His master's son, as worshipful he terms it,  
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

*Buck.* Withdraw you hence, my lord, I'll follow you.

[*Exit GLOUCESTER, BUCKINGHAM following.*]

*Der.* We have not yet set down this day of triumph.  
To-morrow, in mine opinion, is too sudden ;



For I myself am not so well provided  
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

[*Re-enter* BISHOP OF ELY.]

*Ely.* Where is my lord protector? I have sent for these strawberries.

*Hast.* His grace looks cheerfully and smooth to-day;

There's some conceit or other likes him well,  
When he doth bid good morrow with such a spirit.  
I think there's never a man in Christendom  
That can less hide his love or hate than he;  
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

*Der.* What of his heart perceive you in his face  
By any likelihood he show'd to-day?

*Hast.* Marry, that with no man here he is offended;  
For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.

*Der.* I pray God he be not, I say.

[*Re-enter* GLOUCESTER and BUCKINGHAM.]

*Glou.* I pray you all, tell me what they deserve  
That do conspire my death with devilish plots  
Of damned witchcraft, and that have prevail'd  
Upon my body with their hellish charms?

*Hast.* The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,  
Makes me most forward in this noble presence  
To doom the offenders, whatsoever they be:  
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

*Glou.* Then be your eyes the witness of this ill:  
See how I am bewitch'd; behold mine arm  
Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up:  
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,  
Consorted with that harlot strumpet Shore,  
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

*Hast.* If they have done this thing, my gracious lord,—

*Glou.* If! thou protector of this damned strumpet,  
Tellest thou me of "ifs"? Thou art a traitor:

Off with his head ! Now, by Saint Paul I swear  
I will not dine until I see the same.  
Lovel and Ratcliff, look that it be done :  
The rest, that love me, rise and follow me.

[*Exeunt all but HASTINGS, RATCLIFF, and LOVEL.*]

*Hast.* Woe, woe for England ! not a whit for me ;  
For I, too fond, might have prevented this.  
Stanley did dream the boar did raze his helm ;  
But I disdain'd it, and did scorn to fly :  
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,  
And startled, when he look'd upon the Tower,  
As loath to bear me to the slaughter-house.  
O, now I want the priest that spake to me :  
I now repent I told the pursuivant,  
As 'twere triumphing at mine enemies,  
How they at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,  
And I myself secure in grace and favour.  
O Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse  
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head !

*Rat.* Dispatch, my lord ; the duke would be at dinner :

Make a short shrift ; he longs to see your head.

*Hast.* O momentary grace of mortal men,  
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God !  
Who builds his hopes in air of your good looks  
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,  
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down  
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

*Lov.* Come, come, dispatch ; 'tis bootless to exclaim.

*Hast.* O bloody Richard ! miserable England !  
I prophesy the fearfull'st time to thee  
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.  
Come, lead me to the block ; bear him my head .  
They smile at me that shortly shall be dead.

## THE DEATH OF RICHARD

## BOSWORTH FIELD

[*Alarum: excursions. Enter NORFOLK and forces fighting; to him CATESBY.*]

*Cate.* Rescue, my Lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue!  
The king enacts more wonders than a man,  
Daring an opposite to every danger:  
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,  
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.  
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

[*Alarums. Enter KING RICHARD.*]

*K. Rich.* A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

*Cate.* Withdraw, my lord; I'll help you to a horse.

*K. Rich.* Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,  
And I will stand the hazard of the die:  
I think there be six Richmonds in the field;  
Five have I slain to-day instead of him.  
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse! [*Exeunt.*

\* \* \* \* \*

[*Alarum. Enter RICHARD and RICHMOND; they fight. RICHARD is slain. Retreat and flourish. Re-enter RICHMOND, DERBY bearing the crown, with divers other Lords.*]

*Richm.* God and your arms be praised, victorious friends;

The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

*Der.* Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee.

Lo, here, this long-usurped royalty  
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch  
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal:  
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

*Richm.* Great God of heaven, say Amen to all !  
But, tell me, is young George Stanley living ?

*Der.* He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town ;  
Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw us.

*Richm.* What men of name are slain on either side ?

*Der.* John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferrers,  
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon.

*Richm.* Inter their bodies as becomes their births :  
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled  
That in submission will return to us :  
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,  
We will unite the white rose and the red :  
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,  
That long have frown'd upon their enmity !  
What traitor hears me, and says not amen ?  
England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself :  
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,  
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,  
The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire :  
All this divided York and Lancaster,  
Divided in their dire division,  
O, now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,  
The true succeeders of each royal house,  
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together !  
And let their heirs, God, if thy will be so,  
Enrich the time to come with smooth-faced peace,  
With smiling plenty and fair prosperous days !  
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,  
That would reduce these bloody days again,  
And make poor England weep in streams of blood !  
Let them not live to taste this land's increase  
That would with treason wound this fair land's peace !  
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again :  
That she may long live here, God say amen !

## THE TEMPEST

THERE was a certain island in the sea, the only inhabitants of which were an old man, whose name was Prospero, and his daughter Miranda, a very beautiful young lady. She came to this island so young that she had no memory of having seen any other human face than her father's.

They lived in a cave or cell made out of a rock. It was divided into several apartments, one of which Prospero called his study. There he kept his books, which chiefly treated of magic, a study at that time much affected by all learned men : and the knowledge of this art he found very useful to him ; for being thrown by a strange chance upon this island, which had been enchanted by a witch called Sycorax, who died there a short time before his arrival, Prospero, by virtue of his art, released many good spirits that Sycorax had imprisoned in the bodies of large trees, because they had refused to execute her wicked commands. These gentle spirits were ever after obedient to Prospero. Of these Ariel was the chief.

The lively little sprite Ariel had nothing mischievous in his nature, except that he took rather too much pleasure in tormenting an ugly monster called Caliban, for he owed him a grudge because he was the son of his old enemy Sycorax. This Caliban, Prospero found in the woods, a strange misshapen thing, far less human in form than an ape. He took him home to his cell, and taught him to speak ; and Prospero would have been very kind to him, but the bad nature which Caliban inherited from his mother Sycorax

would not let him learn anything good or useful : therefore he was employed like a slave, to fetch wood, and do the most laborious offices ; and Ariel had the charge of compelling him to these services.

When Caliban was lazy and neglected his work, Ariel (who was invisible to all eyes but Prospero's) would come slyly and pinch him, and sometimes tumble him down in the mire ; and then Ariel, in the likeness of an ape, would make mouths at him. Then swiftly changing his shape, in the likeness of a hedgehog he would lie tumbling in Caliban's way, who feared the hedgehog's sharp quills would prick his bare feet. With a variety of such-like vexatious tricks Ariel would often torment him, whenever Caliban neglected the work which Prospero had commanded him to do.

Having these powerful spirits obedient to his will, Prospero could by their means command the winds and the waves of the sea. By his orders they raised a violent storm, in the midst of which, and struggling with the wild sea-waves that every moment threatened to swallow it up, he showed his daughter a fine large ship, which he told her was full of living beings like themselves. " O my dear father," said she, " if by your art you have raised this dreadful storm, have pity on their sad distress. See ! the vessel will be dashed to pieces. Poor souls ! they will all perish. If I had power, I would sink the sea beneath the earth, rather than the good ship should be destroyed, with all the precious souls within her."

" Be not so amazed, daughter Miranda," said Prospero ; " there is no harm done. I have so ordered it that no person in the ship shall receive any hurt. What I have done has been in care of you, my dear child. You are ignorant who you are, or where you came from, and you know no more of me but that I am your father and live in this poor cave. Can you remember a time before you came to this cell ? I

think you cannot, for you were not then three years of age."

"Certainly I can, sir," replied Miranda.

"By what?" asked Prospero; "by any other house or person? Tell me what you can remember, my child."

Miranda said, "It seems to me like the recollection of a dream. But had I not once four or five women who attended upon me?"

Prospero answered, "You had, and more. How is it that this still lives in your mind? Do you remember how you came here?"

"No, sir," said Miranda, "I remember nothing more."

"Twelve years ago, Miranda," continued Prospero,



"I was Duke of Milan, and you were a princess, and my only heir. I had a younger brother, whose name was Antonio, to whom I trusted everything; and as I was fond of retirement and deep study, I commonly left the management of my state affairs to your uncle, my false brother (for so indeed he proved). I, neglecting all worldly ends, buried among my books, did dedicate my whole time to the bettering of my mind. My brother Antonio being thus in possession of my power,

began to think himself the duke indeed. The opportunity I gave him of making himself popular among my subjects awakened in his bad nature a proud ambition to deprive me of my dukedom: this he soon effected with the aid of the King of Naples, a powerful prince, who was my enemy."

"Wherefore," said Miranda, "did they not that hour destroy us?"

"My child," answered her father, "they durst not,

so dear was the love that my people bore me. Antonio carried us on board a ship, and when we were some leagues out at sea he forced us into a small boat, without either tackle, sail, or mast ; there he left us, as he thought to perish. But a kind lord of my court, one Gonzalo, who loved me, had privately placed in the boat water, provisions, apparel, and some books which I prize above my dukedom."

"O my father," said Miranda, "what a trouble must I have been to you then !"

"No, my love," said Prospero, "you were a little cherub that did preserve me. Your innocent smiles made me bear up against my misfortunes. Our food lasted till we landed on this island, since when my chief delight has been in teaching you, Miranda, and well have you profited by my instructions."

"Heaven thank you, my dear father," said Miranda. "Now pray tell me, sir, your reason for raising this sea-storm ?"

"Know then," said her father, "that by means of this storm my enemies, the King of Naples and my cruel brother, are cast ashore upon this island."

Having so said, Prospero gently touched his daughter with his magic wand, and she fell fast asleep ; for the spirit Ariel just then presented himself before his master, to give an account of the tempest, and how he had disposed of the ship's company, and though the spirits were always invisible to Miranda, Prospero did not choose she should hear him holding converse (as would seem to her) with the empty air.

"Well, my brave spirit," said Prospero to Ariel, "how have you performed your task ?"

Ariel gave a lively description of the storm, and of the terrors of the mariners ; and how the king's son, Ferdinand, was the first who leaped into the sea, and his father thought he saw his dear son swallowed up by the waves and lost. "But he is safe," said Ariel, "in a corner of the isle, sitting with his arms folded,



sadly lamenting the loss of the king, his father, whom he concludes drowned. Not a hair of his head is injured, and his princely garments, though drenched in the sea-waves, look fresher than before."



"That's my delicate Ariel," said Prospero. "Bring him hither; my daughter must see this young prince. Where is the king, and my brother?"

"I left them," answered Ariel, "searching for Ferdinand, whom they have

little hopes of finding, thinking they saw him perish. Of the ship's crew not one is missing, though each one thinks himself the only one saved; and the ship, though invisible to them, is safe in the harbour."

"Ariel," said Prospero, "thy charge is faithfully performed; but there is more work yet."

"Is there more work?" said Ariel. "Let me remind you, master, you have promised me my liberty. I pray, remember I have done you worthy service, told you no lies, made no mistakes, served you without grudge or grumbling."

"How now!" said Prospero, "you do not recollect what a torment I freed you from. Have you forgot the wicked witch Sycorax, who with age and envy was almost bent double? Where was she born? Speak: tell me."

"Sir, in Algiers," said Ariel.

"Oh, was she so?" said Prospero. "I must recount what you have been, which I find you do not remember. This bad witch, Sycorax, for her witchcrafts, too terrible to enter human hearing, was banished from Algiers, and here left by the sailors; and because you were a spirit too delicate to execute her wicked commands, she shut you up in a tree, where I

found you howling. This torment, remember, I did free you from."

"Pardon me, dear master," said Ariel, ashamed to seem ungrateful; "I will obey your commands."

"Do so," said Prospero, "and I will set you free."

He then gave orders what further he would have him do; and away went Ariel, first to where he had left Ferdinand, and found him still sitting on the grass in the same melancholy posture.

"O my young gentleman," said Ariel, when he saw him, "I will soon move you. You must be brought, I find, for the Lady Miranda to have a sight of your pretty person. Come, sir, follow me." He then began singing,—



"Full fathom five thy father lies :  
Of his bones are coral made ;  
Those are pearls that were his eyes :  
Nothing of him that doth fade  
But doth suffer a sea-change  
Into something rich and strange.  
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell :  
Hark ! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell."

This strange news of his lost father soon roused the prince from the stupid fit into which he had fallen. He followed in amazement the sound of Ariel's voice, till it led him to Prospero and Miranda, who were sitting under the shade of a large tree. Now Miranda had never seen a man before except her own father

"Miranda," said Prospero, "tell me what you are looking at yonder."

"O father," said Miranda, in a strange surprise, "surely that is a spirit. See! how it looks about! Believe me, sir, it is a beautiful creature. Is it not a spirit?"

"No, girl," answered her father; "it eats, and sleeps, and has senses such as we have. This young man you see was in the ship. He is somewhat altered by grief, or you might call him a handsome person. He has lost his companions, and is wandering about to find them."

Miranda, who thought all men had grave faces and gray beards like her father, was delighted with the appearance of this beautiful young prince; and Ferdinand, seeing such a lovely lady in this desert place, and from the strange sounds he had heard expecting nothing but wonders, thought he was upon an enchanted island, and that Miranda was the goddess of the place, and as such he began to address her.

She timidly answered she was no goddess but a simple maid, and was going to give him an account of herself, when Prospero interrupted her. He was well pleased to find they admired each other, for he plainly perceived they had (as we say) fallen in love at first sight; but to try Ferdinand's constancy, he resolved to throw some difficulties in their way. Therefore advancing forward, he addressed the prince with a



stern air, telling him he came to the island as a spy, to take it from him who was the lord of it. "Follow me," said he; "I will tie you neck and feet together. You shall drink sea-water; shell-fish, withered roots, and husks of acorns shall be your food." "No," said

Ferdinand, "I will resist such entertainment till I see a more powerful enemy," and drew his sword; but Prospero, waving his magic wand, fixed him to the spot where he stood, so that he had no power to move.

Miranda hung upon her father, saying, "Why are you so ungentle? Have pity, sir; I will be his surety. This is the second man I ever saw, and to me he seems a true one."

"Silence," said the father; "one word more will make me chide you, girl! What! an advocate for an impostor! You think there are no more such fine men, having seen only him and Caliban. I tell you; foolish girl, most men as far excel this as he does Caliban." This he said to prove his daughter's constancy; and she replied, "My affections are most humble. I have no wish to see a goodlier man."

"Come on, young man," said Prospero to the prince; "you have no power to disobey me."

"I have not indeed," answered Ferdinand; and not knowing that it was by magic he was deprived of all power of resistance, he was astonished to find himself so strangely compelled to follow Prospero. Looking back on Miranda as long as he could see her, he said, as he went after Prospero into the cave, "My spirits are all bound up, as if I were in a dream; but this man's threats, and the weakness which I feel, would seem light to me if from my prison I might once a day behold this fair maid."

Prospero kept Ferdinand not long confined within the cell. He soon brought out his prisoner, and set him a severe task to perform, taking care to let his daughter know the hard labour he had imposed on him; and then, pretending to go into his study, he secretly watched them both.

Prospero had commanded Ferdinand to pile up some heavy logs of wood. King's sons not being much used to laborious work, Miranda soon after found her lover almost dying with fatigue. "Alas!" said she, "do

not work so hard ; my father is at his studies. He is safe for these three hours ; pray rest yourself."

"O my dear lady," said Ferdinand, "I dare not. I must finish my task before I take my rest."

"If you will sit down," said Miranda, "I will carry your logs the while." But this Ferdinand would by no means agree to. Instead of a help Miranda became a hindrance, for they began a long conversation, so that the business of log-carrying went on very slowly.

Prospero, who had enjoined Ferdinand this task merely as a trial of his love, was not at his books, as his daughter supposed, but was standing by them invisible, to overhear what they said.

Ferdinand inquired her name, which she told, saying it was against her father's express command she did so.

Prospero only smiled at this first instance of his daughter's disobedience ; for having by his magic art caused his daughter to fall in love so suddenly, he was not angry that she showed her love by forgetting to obey his commands. And he listened well pleased to a long speech of Ferdinand's, in which he professed to love her above all the ladies he ever saw.

In answer to his praises of her beauty, which he said exceeded all the women in the world, she replied, "I do not remember the face of any woman, nor have I seen any more men than you, my good friend, and my dear father. How features are abroad, I know not ; but, believe me, sir, I would not wish any companion in the world but you, nor can my imagination form any shape but yours that I could like. But, sir, I fear I talk to you too freely, and my father's precepts I forget."

At this Prospero smiled, and nodded his head, as much as to say, "This goes on exactly as I could wish ; my girl will be Queen of Naples."

And then Ferdinand, in another fine long speech (for young princes speak in courtly phrases), told the

innocent Miranda he was heir to the crown of Naples, and that she should be his queen.

"Ah, sir," said she, "I am a fool to weep at what I am glad of. I will answer you in plain and holy innocence. I am your wife if you will marry me."

Prospero prevented Ferdinand's thanks by appearing visible before them.

"Fear nothing, my child," said he; "I have overheard, and approve of all you have said. And, Ferdinand, if I have too severely used you, I will make you rich amends, by giving you my daughter. All your vexations were but trials of your love, and you have nobly stood the test. Then as my gift, which your true love has worthily purchased, take my daughter, and do not smile that I boast she is above all praise." He then, telling them that he had business which required his presence, desired they would sit down and talk together till he returned; and this command Miranda seemed not at all disposed to disobey.

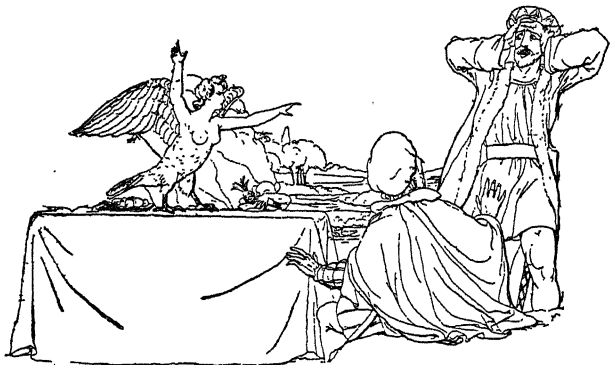
When Prospero left them, he called his spirit Ariel, who quickly appeared before him, eager to relate what he had done with Prospero's brother and the King of Naples. Ariel said he had left them almost out of their senses with fear at the strange things he had caused them to see and hear. When fatigued with wandering about, and famished for want of food, he had suddenly set before them a delicious banquet; and then, just as they were going to eat, he appeared visible before them in the shape of a harpy, a voracious monster with wings, and the feast vanished away. Then, to their utter amazement, this seeming harpy spoke to them, reminding them of their cruelty in driving Prospero from his dukedom and leaving him and his infant daughter to perish in the sea, saying that for this cause these terrors were suffered to afflict them.

The King of Naples and Antonio, the false brother,

repented the injustice they had done to Prospero ; and Ariel told his master he was certain their penitence was sincere, and that he could not but pity them.

"Then bring them hither, Ariel," said Prospero ; "if you, who are but a spirit, feel for their distress, shall not I, who am a human being like themselves, have compassion on them ? Bring them quickly, my dainty Ariel."

Ariel soon returned with the king, Antonio, and old Gonzalo in their train, who had followed him, wonder-



ing at the wild music he played in the air to draw them on to his master's presence. This Gonzalo was the same who had so kindly provided Prospero formerly with books and provisions, when his wicked brother left him, as he thought, to perish in an open boat on the sea.

Grief and terror had so stupefied their senses that they did not know Prospero. He first discovered himself to the good old Gonzalo, calling him the preserver of his life ; and then his brother and the king knew that he was the injured Prospero.

Antonio with tears, and sad words of sorrow and

true repentance, implored his brother's forgiveness, and the king expressed his sincere remorse for having assisted Antonio to depose his brother. And Prospero forgave them ; and, upon their engaging to restore his dukedom, he said to the King of Naples, " I have a gift in store for you too," and, opening a door, showed him his son Ferdinand playing chess with Miranda.

Nothing could exceed the joy of the father and the son at this unexpected meeting, for they each thought the other drowned in the storm.

" O wonder ! " said Miranda, " what noble creatures these are ! It must surely be a brave world that has such people in it."

The King of Naples was almost as much astonished at the beauty and excellent graces of the young Miranda as his son had been. " Who is this maid ? " said he ; " she seems the goddess that has parted us and brought us thus together." " No, sir," answered Ferdinand, smiling to find his father had fallen into the same mistake that he had done when he first saw Miranda ; " she is a mortal, but by immortal Providence she is mine. I chose her when I could not ask you, my father, for your consent, not thinking you were alive. She is the daughter to this Prospero, who is the famous Duke of Milan, of whose renown I have heard so much, but never saw him till now. Of him I have received a new life ; he has made himself to me a second father, giving me this dear lady."

" Then I must be her father," said the king ; " but, oh ! how oddly will it sound that I must ask my child forgiveness."

" No more of that," said Prospero ; " let us not remember our troubles past, since they so happily have ended." And then Prospero embraced his brother, and again assured him of his forgiveness ; and said that a wise over-ruling Providence had permitted that he should be driven from his poor



dukedom of Milan that his daughter might inherit the crown of Naples, for that by their meeting in this desert island it had happened that the king's son had loved Miranda.

These kind words which Prospero spoke, meaning to comfort his brother, so filled Antonio with shame and remorse that he wept and was unable to speak ; and the kind old Gonzalo wept to see this joyful reconciliation, and prayed for blessings on the young couple.

Prospero now told them that their ship was safe in the harbour, and the sailors all on board her, and that he and his daughter would accompany them home the



next morning. " In the meantime, says he, " partake of such refreshments as my poor cave affords ; and for your evening's entertainment I will relate the history of my life from my first landing in this desert island." He then called for Caliban to prepare some food, and set the cave in order ; and the company were astonished at the uncouth form and savage appearance of this ugly monster, who (Prospero said) was the only attendant he had to wait upon him.

Before Prospero left the island, he dismissed Ariel from his service, to the great joy of that lively little spirit, who, though he had been a faithful servant to

his master, was always longing to enjoy his free liberty, to wander uncontrolled in the air, like a wild bird, under green trees, among pleasant fruits and sweet-smelling flowers. "My quaint Ariel," said Prospero to the little sprite when he made him free, "I shall miss you ; yet you shall have your freedom." "Thank you, my dear master," said Ariel ; " but give me leave to attend your ship home with prosperous gales, before you bid farewell to the assistance of your faithful spirit ; and then, master, when I am free, how merrily I shall live ! " Here Ariel sang this pretty song :—

' Where the bee sucks, there suck I :  
In a cowslip's bell I lie ;  
There I crouch when owls do cry.  
On the bat's back I do fly  
After summer merrily.  
Merrily, merrily shall I live now  
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

Prospero then buried deep in the earth his magical books and wand, for he was resolved never more to make use of the magic art. And having thus overcome his enemies, and being reconciled to his brother and the King of Naples, nothing now remained to complete his happiness but to revisit his native land, to take possession of his dukedom, and to witness the happy nuptials of his daughter and Prince Ferdinand, which the king said should be instantly celebrated with great splendour on their return to Naples. At which place, under the safe convoy of the spirit Ariel, they, after a pleasant voyage, soon arrived.



## THE LOG BEARERS

## BEFORE PROSPERO'S CELL

[*Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log.*]

*Fer.* There be some sports are painful, and their labour  
Delight in them sets off : some kinds of baseness  
Are nobly undergone ; and most poor matters  
Point to rich ends. This my mean task would be  
As heavy to me as odious, but  
The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead,  
And makes my labours pleasures : Oh, she is  
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed,  
And he's composed of harshness ! I must remove  
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,  
Upon a sore injunction : my sweet mistress  
Weeps when she sees me work, and says such baseness  
Had never like executor. I forget :  
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours ;  
Most busy least when I do it.

[*Enter MIRANDA ; and PROSPERO unseen.*]

*Mir.* Alas, now, pray you,  
Work not so hard : I would the lightning had  
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoind to pile !  
Pray, set it down, and rest you : when this burns  
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father  
Is hard at study ; pray, now, rest yourself :  
He's safe for these three hours.

*Fer.* O most dear mistress,  
The sun will set before I shall discharge  
What I must strive to do.

*Most busy, etc.*—That is, most busy when I indulge my thoughts,  
least busy when I am actually at work.

*Mir.* If you'll sit down,  
I'll bear your logs the while : pray, give me that ;  
I'll carry it to the pile.

*Fer.* No, precious creature ;  
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,  
Than you should such dishonour undergo,  
While I sit lazy by.

*Mir.* It would become me  
As well as it does you : and I should do it  
With much more ease ; for my good will is to it,  
And yours it is against.

*Pros.* [*aside*]. Poor worm, thou art infected.  
This visitation shows it.

*Mir.* You look wearily.

*Fer.* No, noble mistress ; 'tis fresh morning with me  
When you are by at night. I do beseech you,—  
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,—  
What is your name ?

*Mir.* Miranda :—O my father,  
I have broken your hest to say so !

*Fer.* Admir'd Miranda !  
Indeed the top of admiration ! worth  
What's dearest to the world ! Full many a lady  
I have ey'd with best regard ; and many a time  
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage  
Brought my too diligent ear : for several virtues  
Have I lik'd several women ; never any  
With so full soul, but some defect in her  
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,  
And put it to the foil : but you, O you,  
So perfect and so peerless, are created  
Of every creature's best !

*Mir.* I do not know  
One of my sex ; no woman's face remember,  
Save, from my glass, mine own ; nor have I seen  
More that I may call men than you, good friend,  
And my dear father : how features are abroad.  
I am skillless of ; but, by my modesty,—

The jewel in my dower,—I would not wish  
 Any companion in the world but you ;  
 Nor can imagination form a shape,  
 Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle  
 Something too wildly, and my father's precepts  
 I therein do forget.

*Fer.* I am, in my condition,  
 A prince, Miranda ; I do think, a king,—  
 I would, not so !—and would no more endure  
 This wooden slavery than to suffer  
 The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak ;  
 The very instant that I saw you, did  
 My heart fly to your service ; there resides,  
 To make me slave to it ; and for your sake  
 Am I this patient log-man.

*Mir.* Do you love me ?

*Fer.* O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,  
 And crown what I profess with kind event,  
 If I speak true ! if hollowly, invert  
 What best is boded me to mischief ! I,  
 Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,  
 Do love, prize, honour you.

*Mir.* I am a fool  
 To weep at what I am glad of.

*Pros.* [*aside*]. Fair encounter  
 Of two most rare affections ! Heavens rain grace  
 On that which breeds between 'em !

*Fer.* Wherefore weep you ?

*Mir.* At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer  
 What I desire to give ; and much less take  
 What I shall die to want. But this is trifling ;  
 And all the more it seeks to hide itself,  
 The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning !  
 And prompt me, plain and holy innocence !  
 I am your wife, if you will marry me ;  
 If not, I'll die your maid : to be your fellow  
 You may deny me ; but I'll be your servant,  
 Whether you will or no.